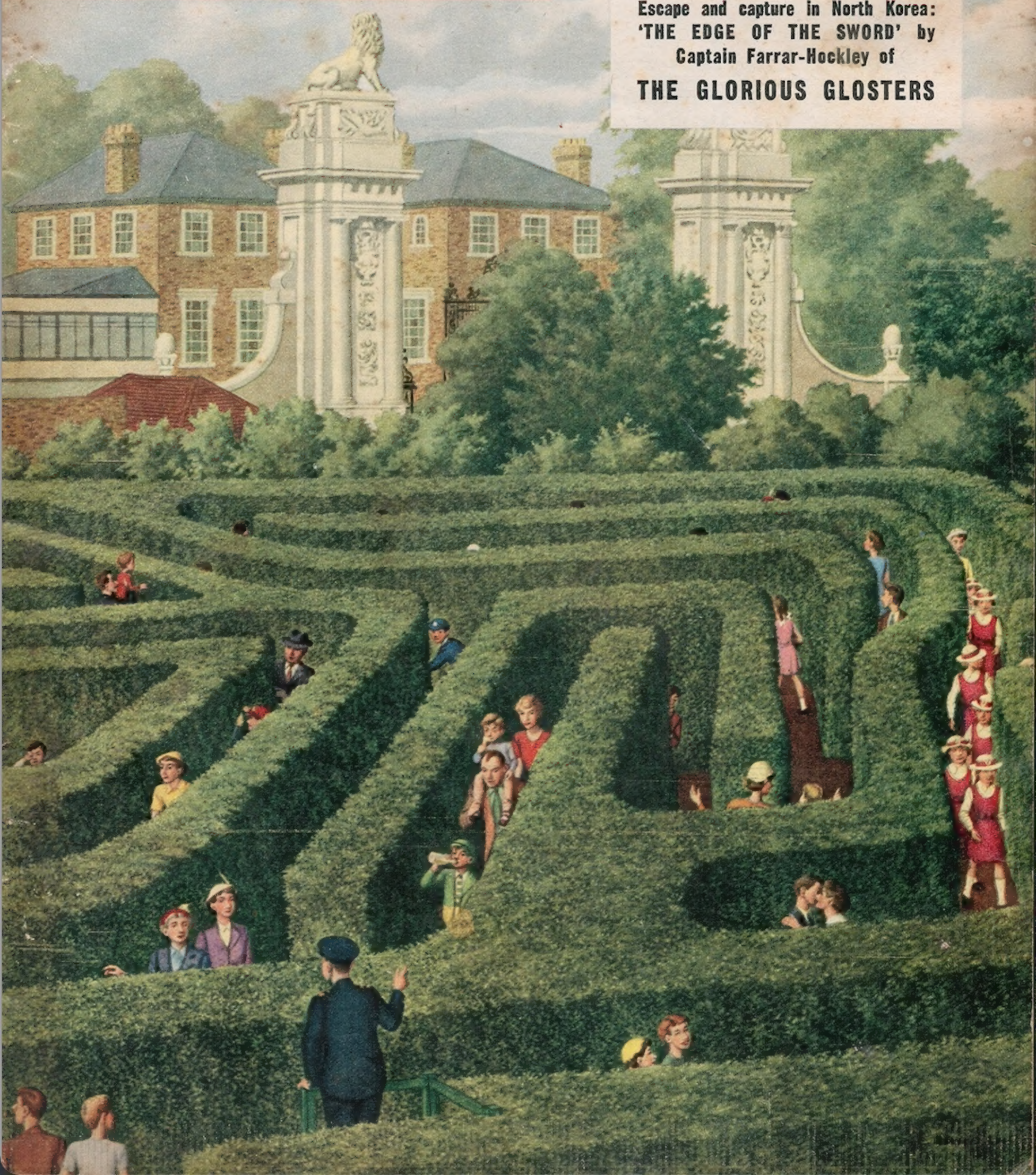
Week ending June 26 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Hansom for RAFFLES

Escape and capture in North Korea: 'THE EDGE OF THE SWORD' by Captain Farrar-Hockley of

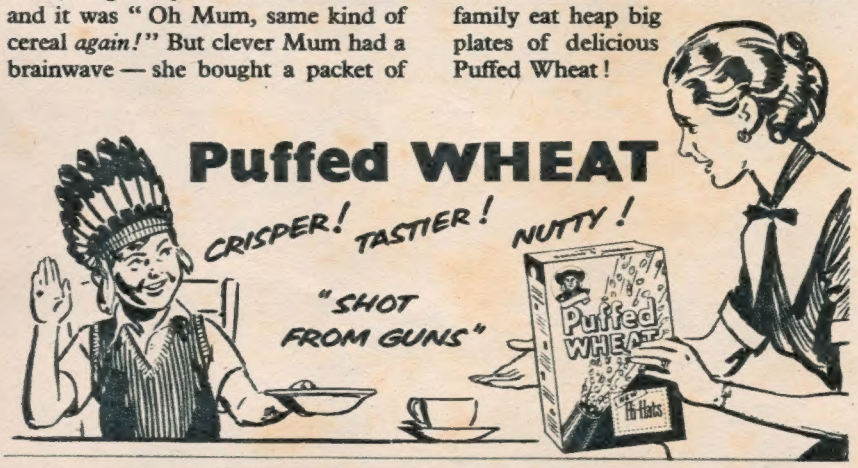
THE GLORIOUS GLOSTERS



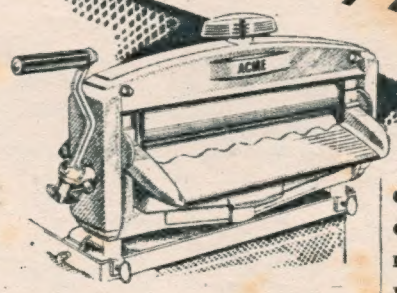
Big Chief Red Cloud

HAS "HEAP GOOD" CEREAL NOW

Big Chief Red Cloud (real name Robbie) . . . wears a heap good Hi-Hat cut from a Puffed Wheat packet ! Once he was a gloomy Paleface at breakfast and it was " Oh Mum, same kind of cereal *again!*" But clever Mum had a brainwave — she bought a packet of the *new, tastier* Puffed Wheat. Red Cloud loves that roasted nutty flavour. Now there's peace in the " wigwam " at breakfast while Red Cloud and family eat heap big plates of delicious Puffed Wheat !



Are you shopping for a washing machine? Then make sure it's wringered by Acme!



A washing machine fitted with an Acme wringer tells you that the manufacturer of the washer has your full interests at heart. He knows, just as more than five million women know, that Acme is the finest wringer made and that Acme has led the world in wringer design and performance for over seventy years. Washing results finally depend on the wringer, so whatever kind of washing machine you buy make sure it's wringered by Acme

Look for the name **Acme** on the wringer

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Apples for health . . so

Bulmer's for me

An apple a day is the first rule of good health. Bulmer's cider is made from the juice of ripe fresh apples; to drink it each day is a pleasant way of keeping fit. When you are tired or thirsty you will be delighted to feel how a glass of Bulmer's refreshes you.

Bulmer's—the most popular cider of all

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

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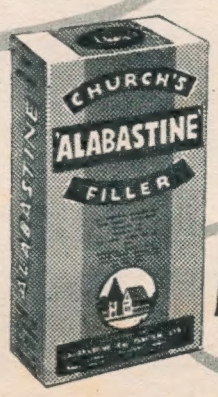
First fill those cracks with



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EDITORIAL

On the rocks

A CLEAR, blue sky is far from an unmitigated joy to Mrs. Lilian Wheaden of Staplecross, Sussex, and her fellow villagers, for every dry spell means misery for them. Their houses have no piped water, and a drought quickly makes them waterless.

During the 1952 drought, Mrs. Wheaden led a revolt against the council's penny-a-gallon charge for tank water. But last year the village was as badly off as ever.

So were thousands of others all over the country. "If we have a dry spell this year we shall be on the rocks again," says Mrs. Wheaden.

COUNTRYFOLK, often dependent on natural supplies, suffer first in a drought. But towns and industries are not safe either, and any time from May onwards can produce a ban on watering the lawn and cleaning the car.

MRS. LILIAN WHEADEN
She led a revolt

Enough rain falls on these islands annually to give every person two thousand gallons a day. But the average consumption is only forty gallons. Surely we ought to be able to store enough of the other 1,960 gallons to see us through the longest drought.

A drought begins officially when fifteen days have passed without measurable rain. The longest on record was seventy-two days in 1893. There was a thirty-four day spell last year. In 1921, fewer than twelve inches of rain fell in south-east England, compared with the usual twenty-one.

Another year like 1921 would be a national disaster, for water consumption has more than doubled since then.

THE answer is more storage capacity. A national water grid would be ideal, but its mains and pumping stations would double water rates.

However, this does not mean that the nation must be resigned for ever to alternate floods and droughts. Our supplies can be both increased and better organized. There are too many separate water undertakings; nine hundred run by councils, nearly two hundred companies and about one hundred private schemes.

NEXT year, Manchester will begin to draw water from its giant Haweswater dam. Liverpool is spending £800,000 on getting more water from the Welsh hills.

These patches of progress are not enough. Britain's demand for 1,750 million gallons a day could always be met if every district had the hundred-day reserve carried by the best-off districts.

There must be a national water policy to share out ample supplies whatever the whims of the weather.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

HAMPTON COURT maze was laid out more than 250 years ago, when there were crazes for mazes in the stately gardens of England. It has been estimated that, since then, about ten million people have been lost in this famous acre of baffling paths. On his first visit, Ronald Lampitt was no exception. After congratulating himself on finding his way to the centre and out without a hitch, he confesses that he got lost on his drawing-board.

HERE is something *new* in biscuits . . . different . . . delightful—*and* with the 'Ovaltine' quality reputation behind them.

'Ovaltine' Biscuits are made from the finest ingredients. Crisp and delicious, they have an attractive flavour all their own. Sealed airtight cartons keep them oven-fresh.

Discriminating housewives appreciate that they are ideal for 'elevenses,' tea-time and all occasions. Your whole family will enjoy 'Ovaltine' Biscuits. *Take home a carton today.*

There are no better biscuits in the world.

½lb. Cartons 1/3d.

They're NEW!
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OVALTINE *Biscuits*

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O.B.5

Why Mummy..

...why is it called a 'daisy'?

"Daisy is short for 'day's eye'. The flowers of the daisy are like you; they close their eyes at night and open them at daybreak".

You can't close your eyes to a Mansion shine. And Mansion Polish has three big advantages. It's economical, it's easy to use and it gives a longer-lasting shine

With the cherished scent of roses for those who prefer the fragrance of a garden in the home, here is **ROSE Perfumed MANSION**

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for floors, furniture and linoleum

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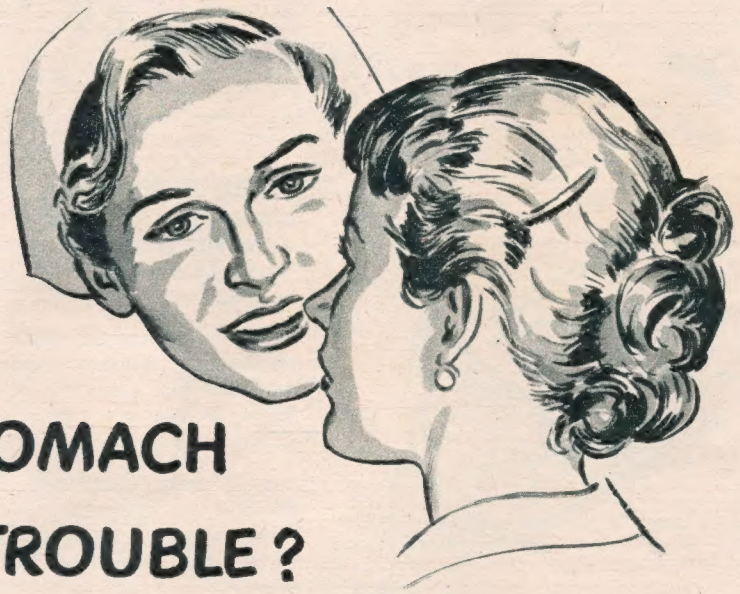


STOMACH TROUBLE?

Take my advice. . . .

"I meet so many people who are bothered by acid-indigestion—just like you. And I always advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*—in fact I take it myself when I have indigestion. 'Milk of Magnesia' isn't just an antacid, it's a mild laxative as well, so it corrects acidity and keeps the system happy at the same time. It's so gentle, too—it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion'."

4 oz. size 1/8—12 oz. size 3/4

'Milk of Magnesia'

* REGD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

JUNE 26, 1954 VOL. 95 NO. 2504 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A bride puts glamour first

MY wife and I were delighted when our son announced his forthcoming marriage. His fiancée lives in a small town not far from London, and we looked forward to a country wedding.

As the minister knows my future daughter-in-law well, I remarked to her how pleasant it would be to have the ceremony in his chapel.

She was horrified at the idea. "The chapel isn't nearly big enough," she said. "The aisle is too narrow for the procession, and there's nowhere near to park the cars. We couldn't invite our friends to a wedding *there*."

Instead, the couple are being married in a fashionable London church where I'm sure my son's fiancée has never attended a service before. But it "decorates well" and, of course, there is a car park.

I mentioned to my wife that, when we were married, it wasn't the trimmings and the fuss that mattered. To my surprise, she replied: "That's what you think. For twenty-five years I've regretted that we didn't have a really glamorous wedding with bridesmaids."—R. D. WALL, Oxford.

Pets In The Pit

A MINER used to thrill us as children with stories of the animals he encountered down the pit. There were pythons, monkeys, bulls and cows, hedgehogs, butterflies and duckbills. We were most disappointed to find that these are names given to equipment used in the mine.—MARGARET SOWERSBY, Southend-on-Sea.

These terms are common in Durham. A python is a conveyor able to snake round corners; monkeys, bulls, cows and butterflies are safety devices; a hedgehog is the bristly tangle resulting from the breaking of wire rope; a duckbill is an automatic loader.

The Squatters

AN unusual nesting site has been chosen by the blackbird in my photograph. The nest, which is about ten feet from the ground, was

built while the occupants of the house were away. Their return, however, did not disturb the hen bird. She hatched her eggs amid occasional clouds of steam from the household hot-water waste and the intermittent rush of rainwater from the roof. The young—there were originally five, but two died—have now left the nest.—N. S. FAWCUS, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Surrey.

Hosch Posch

I HAVE been served with Lancashire hot-pot ("Free Speech," May 29) in Cairo and Alexandria, Hamburg and Cologne, and Almelo in Holland. At one German hotel I gave the manager the recipe, and it became his most popular dish, appearing on the menu as English Hosch Posch.—K. LEE, Leamington Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Dog Ends?

MY father once had a terrier whose appetite was as strange as that of the cat that likes tomatoes ("Free Speech," May 29). When working in his garden shed, my father would often toss cigarette ends out of the window. At first, the dog waited patiently until the glow was extinguished. Later he learned to stub the ends out with his paws before chewing the tobacco with obvious relish.—C. J. WHITE, Rawlinson Terrace, Tredegar, Monmouthshire.

The Way Ahead

RECENTLY I wrote to the tourist office of a Dutch city for a list of hotels, indicating that I intended taking a party of adults and children for a holiday there. By return of post I received not only a guide but also a letter informing me that provisional accommodation for fifteen children had been booked at a youth hostel.—THE REV. L. G. H. FARLEY, Marazion, Cornwall.

. . . I have just returned from a holiday in Holland convinced that the Dutch are years ahead of us, particularly in housing. I called at several flats to see friends in Arnhem, and at each the main door was opened by remote control. Residents never have to climb down flights of stairs to admit their visitors. At one ultra-modern house I saw push-button windows, designed like those in a car. The owners commented that they were far superior to the sash-type windows they had seen in England, many of which could never be relied upon to open or close.—GERALD WILLIAMS, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19.

Glumday

SOME years ago an aunt was spending a holiday on the Isle of Skye, where she found Sunday observance as rigorous as in the Highlands ("Free Speech," May 22). She and her companions felt particularly conspicuous as they walked to chapel one Sunday, because all the inhabitants were dressed in their

Continued on page 6

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

by Martha Albrand

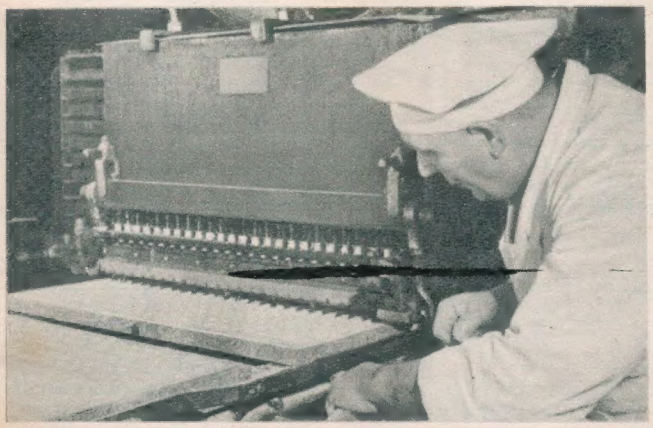
BEGINS NEXT WEEK

See page 21

GOOD THINGS FROM CADBURY'S FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Chocolates from Cadburys Milk Tray are now packed in these handy slides

Skilful decorators apply the final flourish to the thick covering of milk chocolate on Caramel and Turkish Delight– then off go these favourite Milk Tray chocolates to be put into their new snap-open packs. These convenient new slides are a great success and extremely popular wherever handiness counts. You just snap them open in the middle and out slide the chocolates—ready to pop in your mouth.



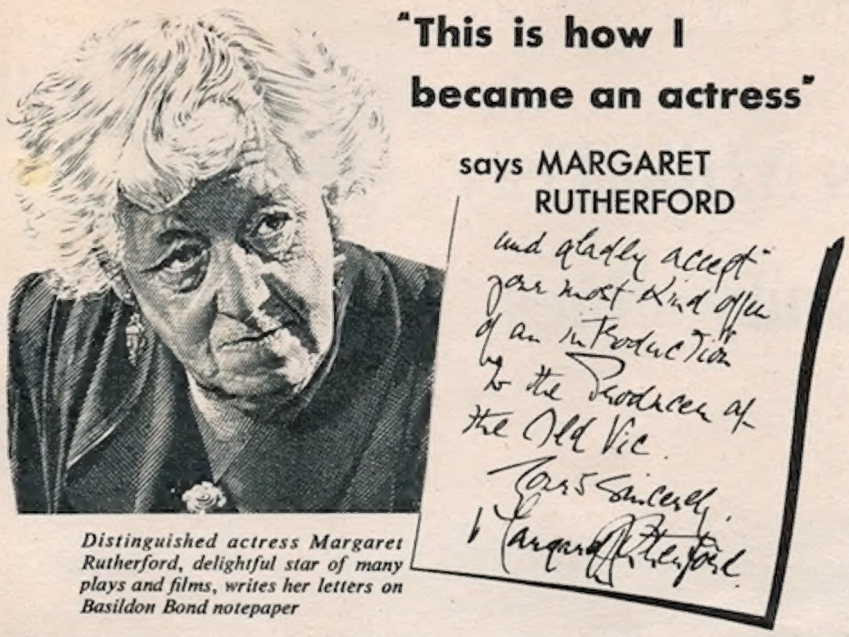
JUST SO MUCH AND NO LESS. With great precision, Turkish Delight is fed into row upon row of moulds. When cool, these 'centres' are covered with Cadburys Dairy Milk chocolate in the 'enrober'.

THE CARAMEL IS PREPARED for the cutting machine. Now it only needs its milk chocolate covering to make you say '*I want Cadburys*'.

Cadburys

FACTORY IN A GARDEN

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE


"This is how I became an actress"
says MARGARET RUTHERFORD
and gladly accept your most kind offer of an introduction to the Producer of the Old Vic.
Yours sincerely,
Margaret Rutherford

Distinguished actress Margaret Rutherford, delightful star of many plays and films, writes her letters on Basildon Bond notepaper

"I used to teach drama, but I longed for the stage," says famous actress Margaret Rutherford.

"A friend arranged for me to meet the poet, Mr. John Drinkwater, at his Kensington home. He must have seen some promise in me, for he said that I could call upon him at any time for an introduction to the producer at the Old Vic.

"The next day I wrote accepting his generous offer! As a result of that letter, I became a pupil at the Old Vic, and the following season I was acting there."

A letter can mean so much in your life. Take care always to use notepaper that is sure to create a favourable impression wherever it is received. Like Margaret Rutherford, always write on Basildon Bond. "It has such a pleasant writing surface," she says. "And for quality, there's nothing to beat Basildon Bond."

Made by skilled, experienced craftsmen, Basildon Bond suits every kind of pen. Writing pads from 1/0½, envelopes from 7½d.

Basildon Bond
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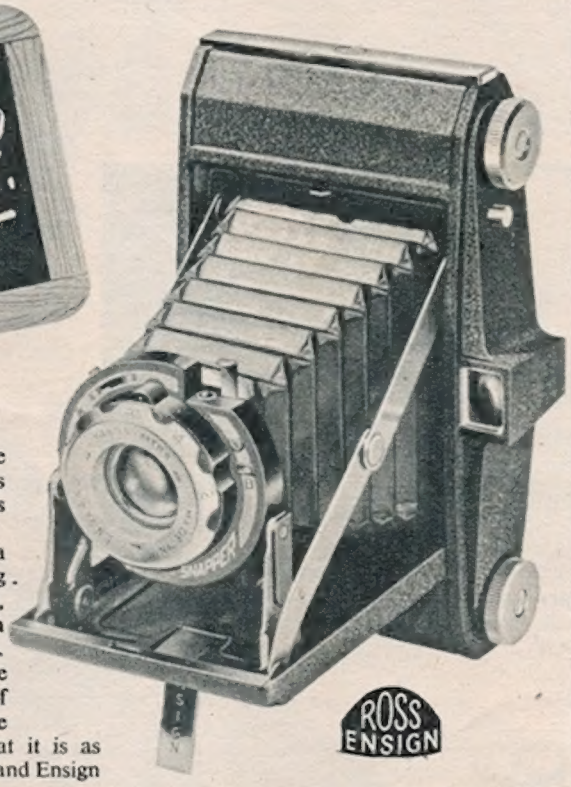
A John Dickinson Product



Your film costs just the same whether your camera gives you a full roll of good pictures or a succession of failures. With this Snapper Camera you can be sure of getting eight out of eight first class, full-size snapshots which need no further enlargement. The Snapper costs no more than any ordinary make of camera and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is as good as Ross optical design and Ensign craftsmanship can make it.

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Sunday black. At the chapel door a local tradesman was distributing hymn books. My aunt had met him several times before and had always found him courteous and friendly. She greeted him with: "Good morning! Isn't it a lovely day?" He frowned and said: "It's not the day to talk of anything pleasant."—STELLA WILLIS, Fernilee Vicarage, Whaley Bridge, Stockport, Cheshire.

Hard Currency

I RETURNED from a holiday in Scotland with several Scottish pound notes. I have since been surprised at the reluctance with which shopkeepers have changed them. At a cinema, after consultation with the manager, a cashier offered me change for 19s. 6d. When I refused to accept it, I was asked to pay in English money. At the same cinema recently, some Americans tendered dollars. These were received almost as if they were everyday currency.—PETER GREENWOOD, Liverpool.

Scottish pound notes are not legal tender in England, nor, in fact, in Scotland, says the Banking Information Service. But in 1943, London clearing banks decided they would accept these notes for encashment without charge. Previously, traders often charged a fee when cashing them.

The Road Back

FOR several years I ran a motor cycle. I shall never forget the good fellowship of other riders. Whenever I was in trouble with my machine, it seemed that another motor cyclist pulled up with an offer of help.

I quickly noticed the difference when I changed my motor cycle for a car. I cannot recall a single occasion when a motorist has offered help when I have broken down. A month ago I was wrestling with a punctured tyre, and I smiled thankfully when a car drew up alongside. My smile soon vanished. The driver began: "Can you tell me the way to. . . ?" and then saw what I was doing. "Oh, I see you are busy," he said, and drove off at high speed.—P. T. JACOBS, Kent.

Press Gang

WHEN we were at the seaside recently we saw five or six children and two women climb into a boat on the shore. They had not been there long

when the owner, a fisherman, arrived. The children saw him coming and ran away. The fisherman climbed aboard and inspected the mess they had made. He then handed the women two ladles, pointed to some puddles left by the tide, and ordered them to clean up the boat. He stayed until they had finished the job.—MRS. A. BAPTIST, Albion Street, Chester.

In The Bag

WHILE I was staying with my brother he decided to take me fishing. At the river we came to a penstock, or sluice. As he raised the sluice gate, I held a sack over the opening. There was a rush of water—and with it some fish for breakfast. "Is this what you call fishing?" I asked. He replied: "No. This is catching fish."—E. WALKER, Constance Road, Sutton, Surrey.

. . . After a blank day fishing recently, my father told me how he used to catch trout as a boy. He would take a screw-top bottle, almost fill it with water, and drop in a large piece of carbide. When the carbide started to fizz, he tossed the bottle into a pool. It exploded, and stunned fish came to the surface. He took only the biggest, and the others soon recovered.—JOHN CLEMENTS, Newport, Monmouthshire.

On most waters the taking of fish, except by rod and line using accepted lures, is illegal. The "bottle-bomb" method is also illegal—and highly dangerous to the poacher.

For The Record

LET into the wall of the churchyard at Wishford in Wiltshire are tablets which mark some of the fluctuations in the price of bread since 1800. In 1800 and 1801 a local resident scratched the current price of bread on stones in the wall. These figures

were incised on other stones in 1904, and that year's price added. In 1920, the first four of the tablets shown in my photograph were cut as permanent records. The fifth was added a few years ago.—R. D. BARRETT-LENNARD, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.

Britain's way with revolutionary France pushed up the price of bread, and in 1800 and 1801 there was the added stimulus of bad harvests. The 1904 tablet recalls the cheap loaf of the Free Trade era. A gallon of bread is eight pounds.

Mr. Brown, England

SITTING in a drug store in New York last summer, I was greeted by a stranger who asked: "Are you a Limey?" Cautiously, I admitted I was. "Wonder if you know some friends of mine in England?" he said. "Their name's Brown."

I pointed out that England is heavily populated and that Brown is not an uncommon name. But he ignored my efforts to change the conversation, and told me more about the Browns. When he gave me their address, I realized that they used to be my next-door neighbours.—M. HOCKLY, London. S.W.10.

Private Hire

DISMAYED at the prospect of another rise in railway fares, I decided to ask four friends if they would travel to and from London with me each day in my car, sharing expenses. The first three friends were enthusiastic, but the fourth—a solicitor—was horrified at my idea. "You would be carrying fare-paying passengers," he warned me. "That means trouble with your car insurance, and you might be prosecuted, unless you got a special licence."—A. D. L., Twickenham.

Building Safety?

AT the last meeting of the Road Safety Committe, of which I am a member, it was said that children played in the streets because there was usually a wall to return their ball. It was then suggested that if walls were built in our parks children might be encouraged to play there.—JOHN VERRIER, Chingford, Essex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech", and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

In a gin and it's better drink

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SWEET

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HANSOM FOR RAFFLES

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

I didn't notice anything unusual about the cab. But Raffles did, and he was intrigued. So began one of our most ambitious adventures in crime

THE MEASURED HOOFBEATS of a trotting horse sounded in the distance. Raffles and I stopped and looked round. It was a raw, misty evening, and the King's Road, Chelsea, was virtually deserted. At wide intervals the street-lamps gleamed wanly, each ringed with a nimbus.

We were in evening dress and, having walked some way without sighting a cab, we listened hopefully to this steady clip-clop of approaching hoofs. A jingle of harness became audible. A pair of candle-lamps swam into view, a jogging horse materialized from the mist.

"A hansom at last." Raffles said. "Let's hope it's disengaged, Bunny."

Sure enough, at his hail, the driver reined in. Raffles gave the name of our club in Pall Mall, and we took our seats.

"A bit of luck, this," said Raffles, as the hansom turned off into the maze of side streets which lay between the King's Road and the purlieus of Knightsbridge. "I can't imagine what's happened to all the cabs tonight. Town seems dead."

Indeed it did; we discussed its decease as the hansom, with the horse keeping up the same steady trot, turned corner after corner.

"A poor London season so far, Bunny," Raffles said. "If we're to maintain our contributions to the Ursula and still enjoy care-free summers, playing county cricket without sacrifice of our amateur status, it's essential that we make hay during the winter."

The Ursula was a training ship for fatherless boys; Raffles was one of its chief financial sponsors. Now, as he lighted a cigarette, the match glowed for an instant on his keen face and in his grey eyes under the slanted brim of his opera hat. He shook out the match, leaving only the pale glimmer of the candle-lamps over the horse's swaying back.

"This cabbie seems to be hugging the side streets," I remarked presently.

"We're just coming into Lowndes Square, I think," Raffles said.

The same steady trot took us across the square and round to the right, up towards Hyde Park Corner. There were more lights here, and Raffles leaned forward suddenly. "What's going on ahead there?"

A small crowd was gathered on the pavement before St. George's Hospital and the entrance to Hyde Park. The faces in the mist seemed to be turned all one way, watching the dim lamps of a long line of stationary carriages over on the Green Park side.

"Of course!" Raffles exclaimed. He pushed

She came towards me, smiling. "Can I be of any assistance, sir?" I felt a throbbing in my chest: I knew now why Raffles had sent me here

up the trap above our heads. "Stop a minute, driver."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I should have remembered," Raffles said. "The Queen's holding her first Court of the season tonight." Impatiently, he pushed up the trap again. "What the devil's the matter with you, driver? I asked you to pull up."

The horse trotted on a little farther before the driver reined in and brought us jingling to a standstill at a point clear of street-lamps or sightseers. We peered across the breadth of lower Piccadilly.

It was only the tail-end of the Palace carriage line that was visible, drawn up at the kerbside under tree branches overhanging the ornate railings of Green Park. Following the rounded corner of the park, the carriage line, looped to the left beside the greystone arch to Constitution Hill, was no doubt continuous all along it, looping finally to the right again to enter the Palace gates.

"A giant capital S," Raffles murmured, "comprising carriages, coachmen, footmen — and débutantes with their chaperons. The flower of England's beauty, Bunny—to say nothing of her finest jewellery, the priceless heirlooms of her noblest families."

"Don't overlook," I said sharply, "the inevitable presence in large numbers of the finest flower of the Metropolitan Police—uniformed and in clothes treacherously plain." I pushed up the trap. "Carry on, driver."

The horse set off again. Raffles leaned back in his seat. The glow of his cigarette brightened and dimmed.

"Let's see, when is the next Court, Bunny?"

"In about ten days," I said uneasily. "What of it?"

"Nothing, old boy."

The hansom bowled down St. James's Street, turned left into Pall Mall, and would have gone on past the club's entrance, spilling out light between its pillars, had I not raised the trap to stop the driver. Even as it was, as we stepped to the kerb and Raffles fished a handful of gold and silver from his pocket to hand up a coin to the driver, I noted with disapproval that we had over-run the club's steps by a good twenty yards.

I turned to Raffles to point out an instance of pass driving. He was standing looking after the departing hansom. He shook his head slowly, and his tone was odd as he said, "Not poor driving, I fancy. Design, rather. Didn't you notice? Back streets employed wherever possible, lighted spots avoided, no word spoken."

"What are you hinting at?" I demanded.

"That the driver didn't want to be seen," he said. "Or heard. Especially, not by a bobbie. The reason? A matter of a hackney-driver's licence, I imagine. That driver was a woman."

"A *woman*?" Incredulous, I peered after the hansom. I was just in time to glimpse the trim shoulders and neat grey bowler of the driver, shadowy on the box, as the lonely hansom dissolved into the mist.

He had not seen her face. The night was too dark for that. He had known she was a woman from the touch of her gloved hand as he paid her. He was intrigued. Knowing him as I did, I had a feeling I should hear more of the matter.

Sure enough, five days later, at an impossibly early hour, the jangling doorbell of my small flat in Mount Street brought me blearily from my bed to find an urchin at the door.

"Mr. Manders?" he piped. "Note for you, guv."

It was from Raffles. It suggested that I bestir myself for once, and ride in the Row that morning, adding: *"Excellent mounts are always available at the Dale Livery Stables, Knightsbridge."*

The cryptic communication whetted my curiosity. By eight o'clock, dressed for riding, I was in a cab threading the narrow streets behind Tattersall's. The cab decanted me at the entrance to a mews. A stone arch over the entrance bore the legend: *Dale Livery and Riding Stables—Public and Private Hire—Hacks, Hunters, etc. Walter Dale, Prop.*

Flicking my riding-boots with my crop, I walked in under the arch. Early sunshine, gleaming down over slate roofs, filled the mews enclosure with brightness. There was a hissing of ostlers and the sloshing of water as they worked on carriages standing with upflung shafts.

So far, nobody had paid me the slightest attention. But now, a voice calling, "Nell! Oh, Nell!" caused me to look up. Over wide-open stable doors to the right was a small window under the eaves. On the narrow sill, pots of crocuses flowered white, purple, yellow. There was a man at the window. He appeared to be overseeing the activity in the yard from a propped-up position in bed. His hair was grey. He had a fine-drawn face of unusual distinction but as white as the pillows at his back.

"Oh, Nell!" he called again.

This time, above the clatter of buckets and rattle of spoke-brushes, he was heard, and a girl came into view from behind a brougham with a discreet crest on the door-panel.

"Yes, Father?" she said. She was slender in a skirt of fawn covert and a white blouse, and had a chamois-leather in her hand. The sunshine touched her hair to a warm amber as she looked up at the window where the crocuses bloomed. "What is it, dear?" she said.

The hand at the window motioned towards me, and at once, with a smile, the girl came forward. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't see you, sir. Can I be of any assistance?"

I stared at her, conscious of a measured throb in my chest, sure now why Raffles had sent me here. It was because he had found her and, for some reason of his own, wished me to see her. This, surely, was her, the lady of the lonely hansom—this girl fresh as the morning, clean-cut, with a clear tan and clear eyes of a dark grey, and a manner composed and pleasant.

I felt a warmth in my cheeks as I stammered: "I thought—I understand I can get a horse here for an hour or so without prior booking?"

"Certainly, sir." She was crisp and business-like. She was a darling of a girl. "Magog is in, and fresh," she said. "I can have him ready for you in just a minute."

She walked across to the stable doorway and called in: "Herbert, what's the new man on?"

"Bosworth, 'm?" replied a voice. "'E's muckin' aht, 'm."

"Tell him to leave it," said the girl, "and get Magog saddled." She glanced up at the window. "You all right, Father?"

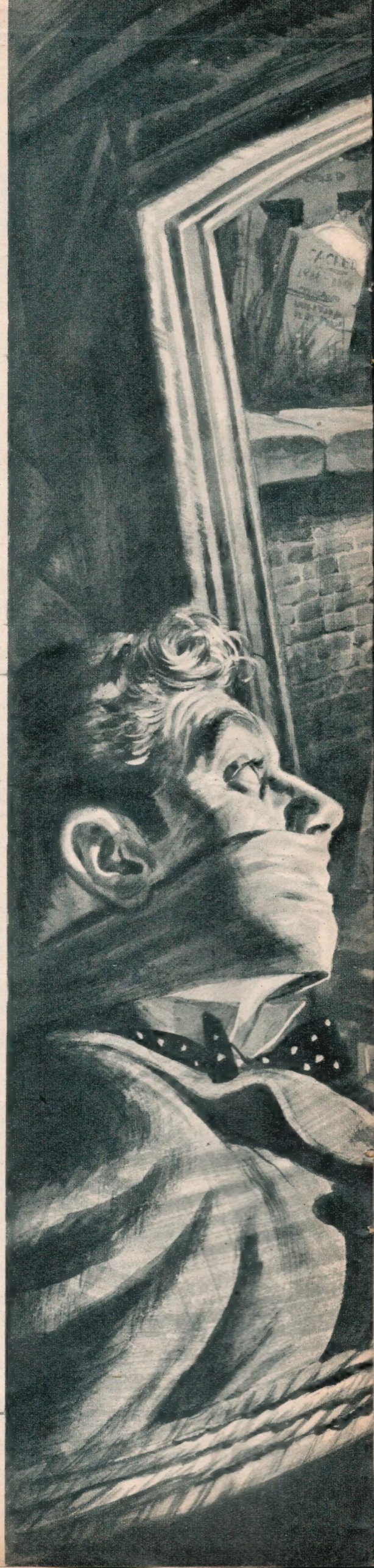
"Splendid, my dear—enjoying the sunshine," said the man in the bed. "I was wondering, though—oughtn't John to be back? He'll have to do that eight thirty job, I'm afraid."

"John'll be back," said the girl confidently. "By the way, Father, he took a look at that spring on Lady Mendawe's brougham. He says it'll be perfectly all right for Thursday next."

"Lady Mendawe," said the man at the window, in a curiously dry tone, "will no doubt be gratified to hear it."

It seemed to me that some fleeting confidence passed in the glance between father and daughter, that there was in their tone, as they used the name of Lady Mendawe, an inflection subtly strange.

The girl returned to her work with the chamois. Putting my crop under my arm, I took



I peered helplessly at the scene outside the cab, unable to warn him. "You can anticipate the next step," Raffles remarked pleasantly. "Your jewels"

out my cigarette-case. I had a feeling, exciting yet in a sense irrational, that here in this Knightsbridge mews I was standing at the vortex of some quickening human drama. Two words nagged at my mind: *Thursday next.*

I lighted a cigarette. And suddenly, as I stood there smoking, those two words blazed with meaning for me, my pulses leaped, and I looked with new, sharp interest at the brougham with the crested door-panel. *Thursday night was the night of the second Court.*

At that moment, hoofs plodded ringing on the stable cobbles, and a great sixteen-hand chestnut, saddled, with dangling stirrups, was led out into the sunshine by a corduroy-capped ostler in breeches, wrinked leggings and braces worn over a ragged red guernsey. The girl returned to inspect the horse for my comfort.

"This is Magog, sir," she told me. Expertly, she checked curb and martingale. "He's a bit of a stargazer," she explained. She had me test a stirrup-leather under my armpit for length, and ordered the ostler to tighten the girth. "Much too loose again, Bosworth," she said.

"Yes, 'm," the fellow rejoined respectfully.

Wheels rumbled in through the arched entrance. The girl glanced that way, and I saw her eyes light up with more than ordinary pleasure.

"Excuse me," she said hastily.

I looked after her as she hurried to meet a four-wheeler that had pulled into the mews. The driver, stepping down, was a tall, lithe, powerful chap with a rather battered face and a smile that, as he touched his bowler to the girl, was singularly pleasant.

"Oh, John," she said, "I'm terribly sorry, you've had no breakfast yet, but I'm afraid there's a job come in for eight thirty. . . ."

He was cheerful. It was easy to see that he would have done anything for her. "Don't worry, Miss Nell. Leave it to me."

I recognized the man, had seen his battered face and good grin in the smoke-hazed ring of the National Sporting Club. He fought as an amateur. He was John Gilby, whom the Jehus of London called The Fighting Cabman.

My interest by now intense, I turned to my horse. I took the bridle from the ostler, put my foot in the stirrup he held for me. And he spoke in a mutter.

"Kern's place, Bunny," said the ostler, "seven o'clock tonight."

Dumbfounded, I looked into the grey eyes of A. J. Raffles. My face flamed. Impassive, he stepped back, smoothing his grimy hands down his guernsey. I swung into the saddle, clapped heels to Magog, and posted out under the arch, annoyed at the surprise he had sprung on me.

I HAD not altogether got over my irritation as I sat drinking sherry with Ivor Kern that evening in his cluttered, gaslit sitting-room over the antique shop in the King's Road. Kern was the receiver through whom Raffles disposed of stolen property. He was a thin, tall, black-clad, young-old man with a pale, hollow-cheeked face, a lofty forehead, and dark eyes full of cynical intelligence.

I glanced at him with raised brows as footsteps sounded through the dark, shuttered shop below us. He nodded.

"Bosworth," he said, with his dry chuckle, "the ostler. He'll join us as soon as he's taken a bath."

Presently, the door opened and Raffles walked in, looking fresh and debonair in evening dress. He tossed his cape and opera hat on to a chair, rubbed his hands with zest.

"Ah! Sherry!" he said. "This ostling gives one a thirst. Sorry if you got a bit of a jolt this morning, Bunny, but I wanted you to see the state of affairs." He raised his glass. "I give you Miss Ellen Dale, gentlemen—the lady of the lonely hansom."

"So she *is* the one," I said. "How did you

Continued on page 44

Bone bank surgeon gives Pauline a new spine

by DON EVERITT

Her young back was bent like a bow. Now a doctor's skill—and seven frozen bones—have straightened it like any other girl's

AT THE END of 1952 a young, dark-haired, attractive girl from Feltham, Middlesex, entered the country branch of a London orthopaedic hospital to receive curative treatment for a terrible deformity. Not long before, her complaint had been incurable.

Eleven-year-old Pauline Joy Dring was suffering from paralytic scoliosis, a sequel to certain spinal column diseases which bend and twist the spine. Pauline had miraculously survived an acute attack of poliomyelitis, spending six months in an iron lung. Five months later, X-rays showed a slight curve in her spine. Now, after a further eighteen months, her spine snaked right over to one side of her body.

The prevention and treatment of paralytic scoliosis are two of the most difficult problems in orthopaedics. The disease nearly always affects children and adolescents, and girls rather than boys. Mostly, it attacks the higher part of the spine behind the chest, causing marked secondary deformities of the ribs, shoulder and neck. There are powerful muscles, the erector spinae, at each side of the spinal bones. If the muscles on one side are paralysed by poliomyelitis or some other disease, the opposite muscles contract like a bow-string and the spine curves sharply away.

The doctor told Pauline's parents that without treatment their daughter's spine might form a complete half circle in her back within two years. With the resulting distortion and compression of her internal organs, the total effect on her health could soon be disastrous.

Treatment was imperative, he said, before the condition worsened and the bones of the spine set. "We're fortunate to be able to help her at all. Not so long ago, the limitations of bone grafting would have meant that we could have done very little for her. We shall try to rectify her complaint with grafts of bone taken from other people and preserved on ice."

Grafted Boiled Beef Bone

The idea of transplanting bone from one body to another is not new. A Scottish surgeon made the first successful human bone transplantation in 1878. In 1919, two surgeons grafted boiled beef bone into human beings—and soon abandoned the experiment. By then, orthopaedic surgeons generally accepted that a man could be grafted safely only with his own bone.

For several reasons, this type of graft restricted surgery. The body's bone supply is strictly limited, and weakly patients or those with bone diseases often cannot spare bone.

The war brought the first change. Military orthopaedists began grafting ununited fractures with bone freshly taken from amputated limbs. The commercial development of deep-freeze refrigerators led to the next step.

In 1946, Dr. Philip D. Wilson, chief of surgery at the New York Hospital for Special Surgery, installed a deep-freeze unit and began using human bone stored in this "bank" in operations. The experiment was successful, and other hospitals quickly copied it, using preserved bone for an increasing variety of difficult cases.

In a road accident a man suffered three fractures in one leg. Surgeons wired together a fracture above the knee, joined two breaks below the knee with plates and screws, and put the leg in plaster. These were well-tried, conventional methods, but, eleven months later, not one of the fractures had united, and the two in the tibia—the shin-bone—were infected.

In a new operation the surgeons first removed all the plates, screws and wires. Then, on opposite sides of the fractured femur—the thigh-bone—they screwed two strips of bone which had been taken from the body of a dead man

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First came polio: it has left Pauline Dring's leg in irons. Then disease struck her spine. Now, after four years' illness, she walks with a straight back again and sees the London sights

Inside a sterile box, defrozen bone is prepared for a graft. Bone-nibblers, in the nurse's right hand, chip it into fragments. To cut a cupful takes an hour—and leaves sore, blistered fingers

and preserved in a deep-freeze refrigerator. As soon as the infection below the knee cleared, the surgeons screwed three more pieces of bone across the now seriously wasted fractures in the tibia. The dead man's bone allowed all three fractures to unite and, after eighteen months, the patient was walking unaided again.

A young man had tuberculosis of the shoulder which progressed so severely that, to be cured, the joint had to be fused solid. The surgeon first removed an abcess and all the dead and diseased bone, then drilled a hole through the end of the shoulder into the remains of the head of the humerus, the bone in the upper arm. Into this hole the doctor now drove part of a rib which had been taken from another patient during a chest operation and refrigerated.

Into the dead space between the humerus and the shoulder blade he also packed bone chips made from other ribs. Over the next five months the pieces of rib from the anonymous and unwitting donors let the shoulder joint fuse completely as a solid disease-free bony mass.

Spine Bent Ninety Degrees

One of the first orthopaedic hospitals in Britain to open a bone bank was the one to which young Pauline Dring was admitted in 1952. Pauline arrived at the hospital on December 29, "thin and pale." An examination showed that the main curve in her spine now went through an angle of ninety-four degrees. The apex of the curve was one and a half inches from her right side and eight inches from her left. As the spine had twisted, it had rotated her rib cage, swinging the left ribs down towards her pelvis and bringing up the ribs beneath her right shoulder into a close-packed curving bulge.

Pauline's vital capacity (her air intake in one deep breath) was only eight hundred cubic centimetres—one-third of what it should have been. This showed a constant danger of her condition: a simple cold could rapidly lead to pneumonia and, with two-thirds of her lungs ineffective, she would have great difficulty in throwing it off.

Treatment began three days after Pauline entered hospital. While she lay on a special frame, plaster orderlies thickly padded her trunk, shoulders and one thigh, then wrapped the lot in plaster of Paris bandages to form a solid jacket. After allowing Pauline a few days to get used to the jacket, the attending surgeon cut it in half along a line bisecting the apex of the main curve of her spine. On the convex side of the curve, the surgeon joined the two halves with hinges; on the concave side he linked them with a turnbuckle. By slowly opening the turnbuckle day by day, the halves of the jacket, levering against her shoulders and thigh, would gradually straighten her spine.

The doctor had calculated that he could theoretically correct the ninety-four degrees deformity to an unnoticeable twelve degrees. But Pauline's spine did not straighten easily. Normally, the jacket gives the maximum possible correction in three to four weeks. Pauline, however, reacted to being encased in plaster by vomiting violently and frequently.

The turnbuckle had to be opened more slowly than usual. After Pauline had spent five months in the jacket the curve had corrected to only forty-three degrees. The doctor decided that the spine would straighten no farther. The big V-shaped gap which the turnbuckle had opened in the jacket was filled with plaster, and the first operation was scheduled for June 9.

Seven people provided bone for Pauline's two operations. It came from the hospital's two main supply sources: a London chest hospital and Roehampton Hospital, which specializes in amputations. Some of the bone was from ribs, some came from amputated limbs.

It happened that the Roehampton surgeons advised the orthopaedic hospital of a "clean" leg amputation just three weeks before Pauline Dring's first operation. Two doctors drove to Roehampton on the morning of the amputation and waited in an adjacent operating theatre.

As soon as the leg was removed, it was wrapped in sterile towels and whisked into the next theatre. Gowned and masked, the two doctors began stripping it. Raw tissue grips bone with clam-like tenacity. After an hour's work, the bones lay on the operating table clean and disarticulated—and beneath their surgical gloves the doctors' hands were blistered and sore.

Placed Bone In Deep-freeze

The usable bones in the leg were the tibia, the lower end of the femur, and the larger bones in the foot. The surgeons cut these into convenient strips and put them into preserving jars containing a solution of penicillin and streptomycin. They closed the lids and returned to their own hospital, where, overnight, they left the jars in an ordinary refrigerator. Next morning they transferred them to the deep-freeze.

Three weeks later, on the afternoon before Pauline Dring's operation, the surgeon handling the case had some of this bone (along with bone from four other donors) taken out to defreeze. Earlier that day, he had cut a large hole in the back of Pauline's jacket and put a blue mark and a tiny strip of lead over one of the vertebrae in the operable area.

Early the following morning nurses started preparing the defrozen bone. First, they transferred the strips to a transparent plastic box containing sleeved armholes. An ultra-violet light in the roof of the box kept the air inside sterile. Gripping the bone strips with forceps, the nurses chipped them with bone-nibblers. To prepare about a cupful of fragments took them an hour. The scissor-handled forceps and nibblers left their fingers blistered.

In the hospital's laboratory, meanwhile, a pathologist examined the solution in which the bone had been frozen. Strict checks before the bone was accepted for the bank excluded all material which might be cancerous, tuberculous, or otherwise infected. Now this last-minute check of the antibiotic mixture confirmed that the bone was free from infection.

X-ray Guided Surgeon's Knife

The operation began at 9.15. The theatre nurses laid Pauline face-down on the operating table, bolstering her body with sandbags to prevent her breathing from being restricted. She was anaesthetized through a slim rubber tube inserted down her throat and, to ensure the replacement of blood loss, the surgeon started a slow drip transfusion at once.

Under the knife, one vertebrae of the spine can look very much like another. To prevent mistakes, the surgeon had an X-ray of Pauline's spine on a screen before him in the theatre. From this picture, which showed up the tiny lead strip laid on one of the vertebrae, he fixed precisely the area to be operated on at this stage. Then he took up the knife.

He cut along the top of the spine, and with claw-shaped retractors drew back the erector spinae muscles covering each side of the vertebrae. On six of the vertebrae he now prepared a bed of raw bone with nibblers and gouges. On each vertebrae he cut off the knob known as the spinous process, making a level raw surface across the whole bone.

It had taken three-quarters of an hour to make the wound, sweep back the muscles and strip all the soft tissue from the bone; it took another forty-five minutes to bare the bone.

Now the surgeon took up the bone chips which

Continued on page 43

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURENCE HANLEY

THE STORY OF TEA No. 3 (No. 4 will appear in the July 31 issue.) ★

Pruning the tea bushes (Assam)

The way it should grow...

LEFT IN NATURE'S HANDS alone, the tea plant would grow to the tall tree of its jungle ancestry.

Pruning must therefore begin early. First the young plant is cut back to a few inches from the ground to provide a main stem and encourage lateral growth; thereafter it is pruned at intervals to shape the plant to a manageable bush, three or four feet in height and span, suitable for plucking.

Shade trees must also be pruned, topped and attended to regularly.

The whole estate must be weeded several times a year; manure has to be spread and other fertilisers applied to encourage leaf growth and ensure a continuous yield of healthy 'flush'—the planter's name for the tender 'two leaves and a bud' which produce the finest tea.

If the bushes were not given careful attention, yields would drop.

* * *

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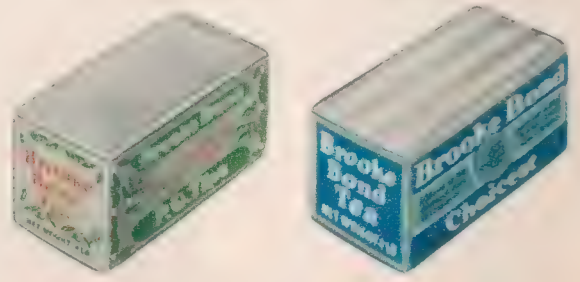

CHARTER TO DANGER

by ***ELIOT REED***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

The moment had come. With their own strong-arm men, Ross and Max had tracked down the kidnappers. And now everything depended on surprise

WALL STREET, the Stock Exchange and the Bourse were in a ferment. Vincent J. Flavius, fabulous figure of international big business, had been kidnapped at Cannes—on the eve of a vast merger with the interests of a French industrialist named Merle-Florac. The kidnappers had used a yacht, the Roselle, stolen from Ross Barnes, a charter yachtsman.

Barnes's main anxiety was for young Ralph Peters, his nephew, who had been on board when Roselle was stolen. It seemed clear that Merle-Florac himself was behind the kidnapping. He had wanted to get Flavius out of the way while he bought up shares to make a quick fortune out of the impending merger.

But he had slipped up—in more ways than one. Above all, the kidnappers, led by a soft-spoken South American, Alvaro Parra, had got out of hand. They had killed Tiny Kane, Barnes's engineer, and Jean Seyrac, one of their own men. Seyrac had got cold feet, had been about to expose the whole scheme to Barnes.

It was Seyrac's half-sister, a singer named Alicia Mars, who had advised him to talk. Barnes was attracted to her, had tried to help her; but she had fled, to avoid involving him in further trouble.

At least, Barnes thought gloomily, he'd got his yacht back. But there was no Ralph, no Tiny Kane. . . . Feeling depressed, Barnes went back to Max Varenine's flat, where he was staying. Max, an old friend, ran air trips for tourists.

To his surprise, Max had a visitor. It was Alicia Mars.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Search

His gladness in seeing Alicia was mingled with alarm that she was here. The first thought he had was that one of Parra's men might have seen her, might be watching, hidden somewhere in the street below.

"You shouldn't have come here," Ross said. He began to tell her why, but Max interrupted him.

"Alicia has found the letters from her brother—those he sent from Parra's hideout. She wanted to get them to us as quickly as possible. They might help us to find it."

"It would have been safer to telephone."

"I could save time by bringing them," she explained. "I wanted you to see the postmarks. One of them is clear enough. It is Béziers. The other I could not make out."

"Unquestionably it is Lunel," Max asserted. "It is smudged. The first letter is very indistinct, but I am sure of the last two."

Ross saw that he had a large-scale map spread out on his desk. He took the two torn envelopes that Max offered him. The date, as well as the name, was clear on the one posted

There was a sudden sound behind them. Ross swung round. "Quick!" he ordered. "Into the doorway!"

The boat's engine spluttered and died. Max, oppressively feminine, patted his curls. Parra was no longer smiling. "You can't come here," he said harshly

in Béziers . . . a little more than a year ago.

A little more than a year ago, Jean Seyrac, fearing that the police might be after him, had gone to a hiding place provided by Parra, to wait till the hue and cry died down.

"So the argument is good," Max said. "Parra may well have Flavius and your nephew stowed away in the same place. It is a bolt-hole he has kept available. Possibly it has served him more than once, and it has never been discovered."

"You will read about it in one of the letters," Alicia explained. "The other one does not matter. Let me show you."

He read the words scrawled in pencil:

"I am sorry I got into the scrape, but it was not my fault really. Anyway, you don't have to worry about me. I must not tell you where I am, but I am safe. There are two of us and we have an old disused wine barge all to ourselves and we have made it fairly comfortable. I think the timbers must have sprung and it was not worth salvaging. As it is, we have water laid on . . . or laid under us, for it washes right up against the floor. If we lifted a few boards we would have a swimming-pool. And for scenery there is a nice marsh. Well, I must close now, kid. My pal is waiting to mail this. I know I am just a good-for-nothing, but if you want to cheer me up some time, drop a line *poste restante* Montpellier, and it will reach me eventually. The new name is Jean Seyrac. Rather imposing, don't you think? Keep up the good work. You'll make the Metropolitan one of these days. Love and best wishes.—Jay.

Ross looked up from the letter to meet the gaze of the girl's clear, blue eyes. She had no more tears for Jean Seyrac. If she had wept for him, it must have been for a part of him that was lost years ago, beyond retrieving. She was a little lost herself now. Ross held her gaze.

"So we have three points: Béziers, Montpellier, Lunel." The practical Max broke in on them, and the map rustled crisply as he smoothed it out. "If we take a line from Lunel to Béziers, or, say, the mouth of the Orb, we've quite a stretch of coast to cover west of the Rhône delta. It's likely country for a wine barge. For hundreds of them. It's all made up of marshes, canals, étangs. See! Here's the canal running down from Lunel."

He traced the line on the map with forefinger. "It connects up with this other canal here. This big pool is the Mauguio étang. Here's the airport, close to Montpellier. That's useful. And the canal goes all the way down to Sète through this chain of pools. Sète is the big wine port for the Languedoc."

Max looked up, frowning. "All we have to do is find a waterlogged wreck somewhere near a marsh. First pick your marsh, then look for a barge in some shallow backwater. And how are we going to know it's the right barge, supposing we do spot something?"

Hope died in Ross when he looked at the map.

"You can try," the girl urged.

"And pray for a sign, perhaps?" Max bent over the map. "Flavius on deck, playing snap with Parra."

"We'd better turn the clue over to Laurent," Ross suggested. "He has the resources to handle it. His policemen can investigate every waterlogged barge they find."

"And they'll know the right one because it will be empty. Parra will move house at the first hint of police activity along the étangs." Max looked up from the map. "Tomorrow we'll try. At least we might pinpoint a few hulks that look likely. There are two or three airfields scattered over the country—one between Agde and Béziers, another near Lézignan-Corbières—so they'll be used to planes in the sky. We'll be able to take a close look without stirring up a panic."

The forlorn hope might succeed. Ross was moved by a renewed eagerness in his friend.

"I'll never be able to repay you for all this," he said.

"I'm doing it for the reward that's been offered," Max grinned. "If we bank those Flavius dollars, the three of us will share them. Alicia will be able to buy herself an opera house. Now we'd better see about getting her home. I'll go down and make sure that the street is safe. Parra hasn't had any of his boys on the job up to now. I've been keeping my eyes open. If I don't come back in ten minutes, you can make a start. I'll be following, just to be sure. Alicia tells me it isn't far—she's staying at a small pension in a cul-de-sac off the boulevard d'Italie."

They were silent till they had crossed the railway line. Then Ross asked her: "What will you do now?"

She hesitated. "There is my career. I have engagements in Italy next month. I shall go back."

"At once?"

"No."

"It would be safer for you."

"Perhaps I am in no danger. I shall stay till this is over. If there is anything I can do to help, I must do it."

She hesitated again. "Will you let me know

Continued on page 36

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD (3) by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

I limp back to my captive friends

His boots were gone, yet the Chinese marched him on. After days of agony, he found himself with the men he knew—the Glosters

IT WAS THE END of my second escape. Two Chinese soldiers dragged me from the hut where I had been hiding, while an officer and another soldier ransacked it, throwing everything into the courtyard until it was stripped of its contents.

The old caretaker, who had hidden two other Glosters and me in a huge Buddhist temple, was savagely kicked by the third soldier. Moaning, she now lay on the stones, half covered by the pitiful contents of her house.

Fox, Graham and I had crept away from our Chinese captors four days before, and the old woman had concealed us in the temple cellar. We had been ready to set out on the next lap of our journey when the Chinese had surprised me in her hut as I was thanking her and saying goodbye.

Satisfied that there was nothing more to find in the hut, the officer returned to the courtyard to deal with me. Seizing a piece of rope from among the articles about him, he made a noose which he placed around my neck, and bound my hands up in the small of my back with the running end. This device permitted me to ease my hands a trifle at the expense of my neck, or loosen the rope from my neck at the expense of my wrists. It was very effective.

He now began to shout at me, waving his pistol—the Mauser type—in my face. I observed that it was cocked, that the safety catch was off and that he was exceptionally careless where his trigger finger lay. As I made no response, he led me into the lower courtyard, right under the woodshed in which Fox and Graham were.

It was quite useless for them to try to assist me and I decided to give them what little warning I could.

When I was next addressed, I said in as clear a voice as possible: "There is no one here but me, I am the only one here."

Fired Gun Behind His Head

The answer to this—principally, I believe, because he was exasperated beyond measure at being unable to understand me, any more than I could understand him—was a welt on the jaw that knocked me down. I was assisted to my feet by a kick from one of the guards.

We climbed back up the path that led away from the monastery, and there, by a lean-to shed, I was made to kneel down and addressed again. A short silence ensued, broken only when one of the guards fired a burp-gun right behind my head. I was afraid that Fox and Graham, hearing the shots, would presume that I had been disposed of. I decided to keep talking if we passed that way again, in the hope that they would still be there.

My hopes were realized rather quickly. Tired of making no progress, my captor marched me back through the courtyards to the path leading to the road and bridge. I managed to say a few words as we passed the woodshed, and felt much easier in my mind once I had accomplished this. The officer gave an order to the guards and they made me double down the stony track.

There was one real snag in this: I had left my boots in the temple.

I was taken back to a village packed with Chinese troops, which seemed to be a company headquarters. The company commander was very stern when he saw me outside and struck me several times across the face with the flat

From the doorway, Farrar-Hockley looked down on the frightened Koreans. He pointed to the cooking pot, making signs that he was hungry

ILLUSTRATION BY NASH

"Spike"—Captain H. J. Pike—in Korea before his capture. Farrar-Hockley rejoined him and the other Gloster prisoners after his second escape attempt had failed. During the long night marches which followed, Spike helped to carry Farrar-Hockley after an operation on his poisoned foot

of his hand. However, when we got inside the bunker he undid my bonds, patted me on the shoulder and bade me sit down.

Throughout the night and next morning I noticed that whenever we were alone together, or merely with his orderly, he was considerate. Only when others of his officers and men were present did he behave badly, shouting or threatening me with his pistol.

Marched Along By Terse Guards

A long, tiring march took up the afternoon of the next day. We journeyed from the company to the battalion headquarters, from there to the regimental command post, and so on. The terse grunts of my guards, the staring crowds of oriental bumpkins, the heat of the day and the fact that we lost our way at least once in every mile all served to intensify the discomfort caused me by my blistered, cut feet.

The Chinese Communist forces do not possess that military formation we call a corps. Thus I was evacuated direct from division to army control—about six miles farther back.

After seeking the exact village uncertainly during the last half hour of the trip, we were finally successful. I was searched, given some water and led away to a small house round which there seemed to be eight sentries. Opening the door, I began to stumble my way across a floor covered with sleeping bodies.

"Who's that?" said a voice. I identified myself. "This is Kinne, sir, of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Can you find your way over?"

Thus began my association with a very remarkable young soldier.

The following morning, Kinne and I were able to take a look at one another and continue the conversation we had had on the previous night.

From him I learnt some of the details of the heavy fighting that had taken place on our right. The Rifles and the Fusiliers had fought a most difficult rearguard action on the road parallel to ours and had lost many men. Kinne's commanding officer, Colonel Foster, had been killed.

With Kinne to my surprise, I found Morales, the Puerto Rican. Fox, Graham and I had lost him after our escape together; he had been picked up by Chinese two days after our breakaway, having sprained his ankle.

The day passed without my seeing a captor who spoke English, and my requests for medical attention—even dressings—for my feet were ignored. At sundown we all trooped into the courtyard of a Korean house to be fed on kaoliang—a kind of coarse barley—and beef stew. Kinne informed me that this rich addition to our fare was due to the fact that an American aircraft had strafed the village on the previous day, killing an ox in the process. It was this beast that we now enjoyed.

"I hope that F 80 comes back tomorrow," said Kinne. "We'll be eating beef for a month if they can hit the barn with the cows in."

Questioned Inside Dark Bunker

I was going to my first proper interrogation. Walking ahead of the guard, I was taken up the side of the hill to a deep bunker. It seemed very dark inside after the sunlight and it was several minutes before I could adjust my eyes. At the far end a man was sitting cross-legged on a mat. His brown eyes were not almond shaped, but large and round. He had a pleasant face with a dark jowl, surprisingly heavy for a Chinese. His jet-black hair was neatly cut in our own style and parted on the left-hand side.

"Sit down," he said. "I wish to talk to you: my name is Chen."

In reply to his questions I gave him my

Fusilier Kinne, described by Farrar-Hockley as "a remarkable young soldier." He was awarded the George Cross for heroism in Chinese hands

Forced by the Chinese to apologize for wrecking his watch, Sergeant Sykes used his cockney wit

number, rank and name. After pressing me for more for some little time, he said: "Very well; I will not ask you for military information. We know you are one of the adjutants. I have all the information I want." He paused and looked at some papers in front of him. "All I want you to tell me," he continued, "is your opinion of the brigadier-general in command of your brigade. What is his character? Is he best at attacking or defending? What do his superiors think of him in your army?"

I protested that these were not questions that I could answer; that they were absolutely military questions. He attempted to refute this.

Finally, thinking, perhaps, that I was fearful of discovery, he said: "Do not worry. If you think these are secret things, we shall not give you away. Only the two of us will know that you have told me."

The argument continued for a short time, but ended when I refused to speak to him. After a long silence he said: "The whole of your attitude to my question is quite wrong. Let me explain to you how it is wrong—and why. When you understand this you will be ready to co-operate with us, I am sure."

He spoke excellent English with a slight American accent. It was plain, too, that he was speaking with the utmost sincerity—he really believed every word of the many fallacious premises he advanced. He continued until it was dark, and then sent me back for my meal.

"We will go on again tomorrow," he said. "There is a great deal for you to learn."

I was recalled to the bunker on the following morning, when the lecture was resumed.

We sat there for nine hours; I thought Chen would never tire. I was able to stand it until he came to the subject of the British Commonwealth and, particularly, the United Kingdom. After he had spoken of the oppression of our people and the conditions of slave labour that abounded throughout British industry, I could take no more. A great flood of words burst from me, which no protest of his could dam.

"Like A Fool, I Had Argued"

As I walked back through the darkness with my guards I called myself all sorts of a fool. By design or accident, I had been drawn into an argument with my interrogators from which I should have remained aloof. Little did I know what the consequences of that midnight argument were to be.

Five days later, Chen came hurrying down to my bunker to warn me that I was moving.

I was marched off in my stockinged feet once again. Chen's village disappeared below me, the remainder of a long climb up the stony path lay ahead. Accompanied by a non-commissioned officer and two guards, I was leaving for a prison camp in the north.

Our progress was slow; my left foot was now very swollen and causing me great pain. I felt better when, reaching a village in the next valley, we were joined by two more guards leading Kinne and Morales, who had been separated from me three days before. They had not had a particularly happy time, for the guards had refused them water during the hot days: they had been lodged in a tiny, airless room. I felt rather ashamed that my burden had been merely one of exasperation.

The guard commander was an elderly, bearded man who obviously wished to get us to the hand-over point as speedily as possible. I was in such pain, however, that I was unable to keep up with the other two, neither of whom were permitted to assist me at the outset.

Tied Rags On His Bruised Feet

Little by little, the guard commander began to understand that I really was in difficulty.

First, he allowed Kinne to drop back and give me the support of his arm and shoulder. Next, he got one of the guards to produce some rags from his pack to bind my feet. Finally, some hours after we left Kinne's village, he departed into the night to return with a pair of Chinese canvas-and-rubber half-boots into which I eased my bruised and swollen feet. It was, at least, a change for the better: I did not have to avoid every stone on the path.

We travelled throughout the night, resting at dawn in the nearest village we could find. This was to be our schedule for the next four days and nights, though the guards were changed after forty-eight hours. Marching back across the Imjin River, it became clear that this was the way in which the Chinese lines of communication existed: sleep by day, work by night. Our supremacy in the air permitted no other course.

About two hours after we had set out on the fourth night, we reached a village lying at the foot of a steep hill slope.

A Chinese with huge horn-rimmed spectacles had now joined our party, all of us standing before the veranda of a Korean house. He mumbled a few words of English rather shamefacedly—words that made no sense at all when joined together. An attempt to repeat these was interrupted by another voice, asking us our names in better English: a voice belonging to a podgy, pig-faced young Chinese, who had come up from the track. He began a long speech about obeying the rules and regulations of the guards under whom we were now placed, when I reminded him that it was late, we were tired and that I had a poisoned foot.

I have a carrying voice, and for once it carried to good effect. In a room of the nearby veranda someone had heard me speaking and called my name, adding: "Is that you?"

I knew at once that it was the Colonel.

I was separated from Kinne and Morales, who were taken off to another room as I joined the Colonel. On entering the tiny room in which he was lodged, I found Denis and a Republic of Korea interpreter, all obviously awakened from sleep by my arrival. We spent about half an hour telling our stories of recapture and exchanged what little news we had of the fighting.

It appeared that the column from which I had escaped after the battle had marched north some days before, having dropped off Bob—one of the Glosters' doctors — at the Imjin River with those wounded who were absolutely unable to get to their feet. They had no news of D Company; and they had seen nothing of Privates Fox and Graham, whom I had left in the monastery. Bob was now with a group of other officers in the same house as ourselves; while round the corner of the mountain, concentrated in an adjacent group of houses, were about three hundred other ranks, about half of whom were Glosters—the remainder being made up of men from the Rifles, Fifth Fusiliers, Gunners, Eighth Hussars and Sappers.

On the following morning the sun and blue sky were continually overcast with long, grey clouds. Breakfast consisted of kaoliang and a

Captain "Bob" Hickey, the Glosters' doctor who strived to care for the prisoners with almost no supplies. With Captain "Doug" Patchett, he operated on Farrar-Hockley with a razor blade

Packed with pleasure

Player's Please

NCC 855

minute portion of semi-cooked bean shoots. We had no proper mess kit; so we were fortunate in having old food tins, scoured out with sand; others had to make do with "plates" made from pieces of rag.

After we had eaten, I was helped down the track leading to an open dugout in a nearby hillside. Here, all the officer prisoners spent the hours of daylight, except for the Colonel, Denis and the Korean, who were kept by themselves under close guard.

There were many familiar faces in the dugout. Of the gunners, there were Ronnie, Carl (who was wounded) and—surprisingly—Frank, whom I had believed dead, and his sergeant-major, Askew; of the Glosters, Bob, Spike, Jumbo, Geoff, Mr. Hobbs and Sergeant-Majors Gallagher, Strong and Ridlington.

Survivors Of Severe Fighting

It seemed that I had only just missed Henry and Guido, who had escaped from the column two days before. And there were many others, made captive in the severe fighting that had gone on to the east of us at Gloster Crossing: men of the Fifth Fusiliers and the Rifles, and Doug, the doctor of the Eighth Hussars.

With this band of British were two other officers: Thomas, a young Filipino lieutenant, and Byron, an American air force captain. He was suffering terribly from burns; his entire face covered by suppurating scab, his hands, one arm and part of his right leg raw from the burning fuel which had been thrown back into his cockpit after his aircraft had been hit by anti-aircraft fire.

That morning was a happy one for me, although it rained frequently and we were all very hungry. I was happy because I was among comrades and, also, because I was able to get medical attention from two doctors in whom I had the greatest confidence.

Bob and Doug examined my foot, released a little of the pus that had gathered and dressed it with clean rags contributed by the members of our group.

What worried me most was the fact that they said I must not walk on it. I knew that if I did not resume the march with my friends my foot would either not get well at all or keep me out of action for a very long time. In either case, I should not be in a position to escape again. As Bob, Spike and I were anxious to go together on the next attempt, they decided to help me along as best they could.

The march became increasingly difficult for me: after forty-eight hours, Bob and Doug decided that they must operate. As usual, we were marching by night and resting by day. At noon on this particular day, Bob gave me what little morphia he had been able to conceal from our captors and made ready the patient by getting Denis to hold me down at the top, Spike in the middle, while he held on to my ankles.

The Colonel got up, remarking: "I'm going outside, so you can swear as much as you like!" Doug got to work with a razor blade; and I regret to say I swore a great deal.

Only The Sick Could Lie Down

From then on, Bob and Spike half-carried me throughout the night marches, until we reached a little North Korean goldmining town, whose industry had been utterly destroyed by our aircraft. We arrived about an hour before dawn, to find that the room selected for our stay was so small that only the sick and wounded could lie down, while the remainder had to sit upright. Jammed into this dark chamber, we spent an unpleasant four hours until breakfast time, when the guards opened the doors to permit us to reach the can of kaoliang outside.

The Chinese told us that we had accomplished half of our journey; we called the village "Halfway House." They took a group photograph of our dirty-bearded faces in this village and, later, removed the valuables—rings, watches, pens and so on—from those who had not lost them at the front. I had been stripped by the North Koreans, except for some money I had hidden in my clothing, so the Chinese removed nothing of mine.

They promised they would return the articles on our arrival at the northern prison camps—a promise they kept with a few exceptions—but so many of us had had our property stolen from us at one time or another after capture that we doubted this. Sergeant Sykes, of the Machine Guns, stamped his watch into the ground, only to find that he was not permitted to do this with his own property. He was bound and placed in solitary confinement, until he agreed to read a self-criticism in front of the entire column concerning his action. It was full of cockney wit, which the Chinese were quite unable to appreciate—they listened very gravely, the interpreters asking various prisoners why they were smiling.

I left this peculiar performance with a feeling of distaste; hearing Sergeant Sykes read a criticism of himself aroused in me a feeling of revulsion for the mentality of the authorities who had ordered it—a strange mentality that seemed alien and, in a sense, abnormal. An outlook with which, sooner or later, we should inevitably clash.

On the day that the main column marched north again, forty of us were taken out and sent to a village called Munha-ri, two miles to the south. Our party was a mixture of fairly fit men and invalids, so that with dysentery an ever-present danger to every one of us, to say nothing of all other diseases with which Korea abounds, we were delighted to find Bob among us when we formed up. To my great disappointment I was separated from Spike.

Munha-ri was quite a small village of no more than forty houses, lying below and up the side of a hill standing a quarter of a mile back from the Taedong River. To our great surprise we found the remnant of the original column in the village—mostly sick men, but including the Padre, our gunner battery commander, Guy, and an American air force pilot, Duncan. Another reunion took place.

A new schoolhouse had been partly built near

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Nightmare in Copenhagen

A POWERFUL ADVENTURE-ROMANCE BY

MARTHA ALBRAND

THE nightmare overtakes Richard Parker, a young English explosives expert, and the story is the account of the three most desperate days in his life.

It opens with Richard's arrival in the Danish capital in response to an urgent cable from a wartime colleague, Anders Oersted. Anders needs his help in analysing a secret explosive. Immediate and discreet help—for just across the water is the Russian Zone of Germany.

But the first thing Richard learns on landing is that Anders Oersted has disappeared, and that his boat has been found drifting near the Swedish coast. . . .

Richard knows he must find the explosive—whether Anders is alive or dead. But Helga, the missing man's sister, does not trust him, Anders's friends and colleagues are suspicious of him. He is alone, in a foreign country, with only his wits to help him.

The nightmare has begun.

This vitally compelling novel tingles with suspense — from the moment Richard's plane touches down in Denmark to the thrilling climax of a night raid into the Russian Zone.

It is Martha Albrand's third JOHN BULL serial. The others were *Traitor's Island*—filmed as *After Midnight*, with Alan Ladd and Wanda Hendrix; and *The Desperate Woman*—filmed as *Desperate Moment* with Mai Zetterling and Dirk Bogarde.

Brilliantly illustrated in full colour by Zelinski, *Nightmare In Copenhagen* . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

From hundreds of bottles, Collins blends essences until he arrives at the perfume he has "imagined." Some of the oils he uses cost £16 an ounce

Douglas Collins turns fragrance into fortune

by JESSICA YOUNG

To perfect his perfumes, he may sniff samples for years. But first he solved a mystery: why don't Englishwomen use scent?

A £90,000-CONSIGNMENT of perfume destined for the East was held up at a factory at Amersham, Bucks, awaiting the arrival of rubber bottle-stoppers to go beneath the screw tops. Impatient at the delay, the firm's boss, Douglas Collins, ordered that the scent should be dispatched. "There's not the slightest difficulty," he told his surprised assistants. "The rate of evaporation is negligible, and we can forward the stoppers by air."

When the perfume was delivered, however, buyers found the bottles half empty. Collins had to send out not only the stoppers, but extra supplies of perfume—and a man to cork up the bottles.

Collins, a forty-two year old perfumer who started in the business eighteen years ago under the trade name of Goya on a borrowed three pounds, admits that he has got to his present position by trial and error. Once, he decided that the world was waiting for a pure tangerine perfume. He designed a tangerine-shaped bottle and then made up a perfume that reeked of tangerine. Before attempting to market it, he tried it out on a number of friends. They said that it reminded them of a greengrocer's shop, but Collins went ahead and made the perfume in bulk. "No one ever bought it."

In spite of such setbacks, Collins succeeded in turning his venture into big business. An assured ex-Royal Navy officer who likes to apply naval standards of efficiency to business, he is today chairman, managing director and chief perfumer of the Fields-Goya group, at a salary of £4,000 a year, plus sixpence in the pound on profits above £100,000. He sold his own firm in 1952 for £350,000 to J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., an old-established company manufacturing soap, candles and toilet preparations. Collins declined to take cash for his shares and accepted instead 200,000 shares in Fields—an agreement that made him chief shareholder.

Drenched Themselves In Scent

Today, with an estimated capital of £1 million, the Fields-Goya group manufactures in Britain and fourteen other countries, and exports to another sixty-five. It is one of fifteen British firms competing in a growing perfume trade which last year earned £815,000 for Britain in exports. Home trade produced another £2,212,000. Eastern countries, where men use scent as lavishly as women, are among the biggest consumers of perfume. Three hundred bottles were ordered for a banquet in Saudi Arabia. In Khartoum, Collins came across an incident that delighted him as a business man.

With his wife he called at a perfume shop where two customers wearing white jibbahs sniffed and haggled over a selection of perfumes, and finally chose a two-guinea bottle produced by Collins's firm. "They tore open the box," he says, "threw it away, and then poured half the contents of the bottle over each other's head. It was fascinating."

Collins, who recently tried unsuccessfully to insure his nose for £50,000, says that his only

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE HANLEY

CARIBOU

by ***JOHN KRUSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

For the sake of their families, they killed the deer. For the sake of a friend, they would kill a man. Crawford knew he had only to say the word

BY THE SHARPNESS against his lips, Crawford knew he was drinking from a can. The liquid was hot and it smelt like wet cardboard. In the darkness behind his closed eyes there was pain, and, behind the pain, fear, mingled inexplicably with the sickening stink of an oil stove.

When he came to again, he heard the wind. It made a rushing sound overhead, like the ceaseless surging of the sea; so close overhead that he opened his eyes. He saw above him an arching surface of snow, blackened with smoke—smoke that stung his eyes, forcing him to close them.

He lay there with the pain in his hands and feet and suddenly before his eyes there was a railroad with the wet gleam of tracks in the moon; he hit them backwards, spinning heels over head down the steep embankment, spreading himself against the incline, slithering to a halt up to his thighs in mud. *Keep going;* he knew he must keep going. He struggled up vaguely. Strong arms bore him back. A voice said something in a language he didn't understand and he slid back into unconsciousness. . . .

For days, maybe weeks, he lay there, alternately sleeping and waking. Sometimes there was a boy. He wore a skin parka, skin gloves and skin boots, and his face inside his hood was as round as a ball, with a black fringe of hair. As soon as he came in he would get down on his knees and stare at Crawford with black sultana eyes and when he saw he was awake he would shout: "*Takuvok, Anavrark! Takuvok!*" and laugh. Then the woman would bring him soup.

TOWARDS dark the man used to come in. He was tall for an Eskimo and broad, with broad high cheekbones and eyes clenched into slits from the snowlight. He would bring the lamp over and hold the moss wick close to Crawford's sunken cheeks and peer at him.

"Okay?" he would ask in English. "You speak now?" and his teeth would show white and strong in the lamplight. The burning caribou fat turned Crawford's stomach and forced him to close his eyes. When he didn't answer, the man would put down the lamp and pull off his huge gloves and fill his pipe from a bag of cranberry-leaves, watching him all the time shrewdly and anxiously.

Crawford saw these things as in a dream; heard the wind blowing in the night; heard the crying of the baby which lived inside the woman's garments next to her skin. And the sounds mingled in his mind with the sweeping howl of wolves and the answering bark of dogs, muffled but close, as though underground nearby; and always the steeling of locomotive brakes with lamps bobbing through the forest and the feeling that he must escape. . . .

If only I could remember, he thought, who I am.

One day Crawford felt hungry. He knew, then, that he wasn't going to die. Outside, the wind was blowing. The woman was scraping the frost from the translucent sheet of ice that served as a window. The baby was whimpering beneath her parka.

Crawford said distinctly: "Food."

The woman turned, startled; then she ran to the door excitedly and shouted. A moment later the boy tumbled into the dwelling, threw himself on to his knees beside Crawford, laughing.

"You speak?" he cried, very excited. "You speak?"

"Yes," Crawford said faintly. "I'm hungry."

The laughter went out of the boy's face. He spoke to the woman. She stared at him blankly; went to a pot and emptied some used tea-leaves into her hand.

"No food," the boy said. "Only tea."

"That will do," Crawford whispered.

The woman emptied the tea into cold water and made a fire with willow twigs on a flat stone.

"All Innuit, all Caribou People hungry," the boy said. "Bad wind; cannot see tracks. No caribou. Bad. *Ajornarpoq.*"

Crawford licked his lips, clenched his burning fingers inside the skin gloves that were not his and asked: "Where am I?"

The boy squeezed up his eyes and laughed. "Where? In igloo of Kikogark, my father."

"But where?"

"Where?"

"Whereabouts — near what town? What trading-post?" The effort exhausted him. He

"Food," he muttered. "I'm hungry." At once, laughter disappeared from the boy's face. "No food," he said

laid his head back; but he had to know.

The boy looked blank. He spoke to his mother. "Chichill," the woman said.

Chichill. Churchill. The name was familiar, but it meant nothing. No picture came with it. His mind felt as though someone had slipped a card down behind his eyes. Nothing came through it but dreams—dreams and an overtone of peril.

THE boy was speaking then, the words tumbling on top of each other: "I am Uk. I learn English at Mission. I catch fox. I catch black cat. Soon I catch caribou with my father. My father have Winchester. Dogs of my father catch you in snow. Like this." He sprawled very still on the floor.

Crawford's hand gripped the boy's arm. "Where did they find me?"

The boy made a direction with his chin; but it meant nothing to the man and he groaned.

"What you name?" Uk asked suddenly.

"Crawford," he said.

"Crow—?" the boy tried. "Foot? Crow-Foot!" He laughed; repeated several times: "Uk—Crow-Foot. Uk—Crow-Foot." Delighted, he told Anavrark, the woman, who smiled. The drawn hunger of her cheeks disappeared when she smiled.

Then the tea was ready and the boy watched proudly while Anavrark supported Crawford's head and pressed the watery brew to his lips—proud that he had a friend called Crow-Foot to whom he could speak his English and who had to be looked after and hunted for, because the more dependants his father had, the greater would be his reputation as a hunter.

The burst chilblains on Crawford's fingers and toes healed slowly. There was never enough food and the wind kept on, thickened occasionally with snow.

When he could touch things with his hands he made an important discovery: the roll beneath his head contained a bundle of clothing. Anavrark was out gathering fuel. He tumbled the articles out on to the ground feverishly.

They were ordinary store clothes; a lumber-jacket, corded trousers, wool shirt, lumber-boots; all comparatively new and meaning nothing to him. The tag on the shirt read "Winnipeg." He emptied out the pockets. There was a pipe, its bowl charred almost solid. A feeling of familiarity came to him. He slid it into his mouth. The pitted stem dovetailed neatly against his teeth. He looked automatically for some tobacco; felt something heavy—a .38.

He took it in his hand. It felt comfortable. Again the feeling of familiarity. With sudden presentiment, he broke it open; but the six shells inside were unfired.

He turned out the other pockets, anxious to find some clue to his identity, but all the time scared a little of what he might find. He found only three hotel receipts and a roll of American dollar bills. Fifteen dollars. He had been nearly out of dough. The hotels had been in Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. A north-bound trail, ending here among the snow and ice. On the run maybe. He had been out of tobacco.

It was disturbing, handling these fragments without the least recollection. He felt frustrated, lonely, angry with himself for not being able to remember.

There were cartridges in the belt. He strapped it on under Kikogark's filthy skin parka, stuck the gun into it and struggled to his feet.

Supporting himself against the ice walls, he staggered to the porch, which was a tunnel. The tunnel sloped upwards and there were steps cut in the ice. Crawford crawled up the steps and out into the air.

The icy wind cut across the waste like a raw blade, lashing the snow up in a cutting dust, stinging his face. The whiteness hurt his eyes. He made a vizor of his hands and leaned weakly against the wind-wall, peering around him.

Through the misting snow he made out the shapes of several mounds. On top of one he caught the gleam of a petrol can chimney. They were other igloos. A few pieces of equipment lay about, half covered with snow: tins mostly and boxes. There were no signs of life at all.

The man with the gun stopped twenty paces away. His eyes were hard and disdainful. "Crawford?"

How the devil had he got here, he wondered. How? He must have trekked hundreds of miles through the snow. But why?

"Oh God, why!" he howled aloud, staggering back down the steps, stumbling blindly to his knees among the filthy skins, clutching at his temples as though he would break them open. Then he felt the caverns of his eyes with his fingers, the leanness of his cheeks, the aquiline nose, the lips thin and firm, the beard. . . . He sat up, conscious of the gun barrel against his hard belly—conscious of himself. He reached for the empty pipe, gripping with his teeth the only thing he knew to be a part of his life.

The wind kept on and every day Crawford grew stronger. One day when Anavrark set out on her daily forage for fuel he went with her.

He was glad to get out in the open, away from the oily smoke of the igloo. It was good to feel the wind snap the thick parka against his body; to stretch his sinewy muscles.

They trudged out across the snow, dragging the hand-sled. The snow flinched and crunched beneath their boots and presently they came to a long depression in the snow and Anavrark told him by signs that underneath there was a creek. They scraped down and presently came to some stunted willow bushes. They broke off the twigs and put them on the sled. It was very slow work, but it was sheltered down by the creek.

When they could find no more willow, they pulled out of the gulley and the wind hit them. Anavrark led him out across the plain, prodding the snow with a stick. After they had gone a long way, she stopped suddenly and they dug

said. Crawford nodded ; his insides felt as hollow as a cathedral. "I'm the law. I've got to take you in"

away the snow and there was a patch of reindeer moss.

They began tugging it up together. They scraped away the snow with their hands, working with their backs to the wind, and Crawford felt the ice get a hold on his cuffs and build itself up till his movements became heavy like a dreamer's. He glanced over his shoulder.

Why do I glance over my shoulder, he wondered. Who did he expect to see? He felt the fear inside him again, like wind in his stomach. He took out the pipe and bit on it, working fiercely.

The days that followed were bitterly hard. The tribal store of frozen caribou meat had given out early because of poor kills during the end-of-the-year migration. Now they had to rely on what the hunters brought in: wolf-meat, musk-ox, hare; and when a kill was made it was shared among the tribe, the hunter himself taking the smallest portion. But kills were scarce and the hunters ranged out wider and wider with their dog-sleds, staying away days at a time.

Crawford was not strong enough yet to go with the sleds. He and Uk hunted close to camp with the .38 and the boy's bow and arrow. Sometimes Uk took him to the hole they kept open on the lake and they would squat for hours in the icy wind, fishing. The line was made of caribou sinew and the hook was packing-case wire filed into a point. They fished with chips of frozen caribou lung which they melted in the water first.

They fished for whole days sometimes, without catching anything, with the wind building the snow against them, not speaking, Crawford with the empty pipe clutched between his teeth, his mind in his fingers, knowing that he must be ready for the least twitch of the line; that hungry people depended upon his being ready.

And when the twitch came and he struck with the length of his arm and felt a shudder run through the line, his body deadened with excitement. There was the danger of losing the fish against the ice and Uk would plunge down on his stomach and reach down through the hole and grab the fish in his hands.

If it was a big one, when they got back to camp Uk would run round explaining to everybody that it was his friend Crow-Foot who had caught it and, because it was the white-man, the Eskimos would make a great fuss. Crawford would cut it up, then, with the smallest portion for himself, and it was good to have the smallest portion.

Uk showed him how to make a deadfall trap, and he caught a fox. It was a blue fox and Uk said that now he had money to buy goods with at the trading-post when spring broke. Crawford thought of the trading-post and the spring. He didn't care about civilization. There was something there waiting for him. He wasn't scared of it any more; he just didn't want to get mixed up with it. "I'm through running," he said, and Uk looked up at him, surprised.

It was the morning the wind dropped. He and Uk were inside the igloo rubbing the fox-pelt with wood-ash when Uk suddenly held up his hand. There wasn't a sound anywhere. They raced up outside and the air was bright and still. The clouds were pulling up into the sky, dissolving as they went. The world was a huge white disc, with razor-sharp edges and gleaming lakes of sunlight spreading across the snow.

They heard the thin sound of dogs then, and in the distance saw a sled coming. The camp dogs took up the cry. The women and old folk came out of their igloos, shading their eves from underneath against the glare.

It was Kikogark and Oogark, back from a trip. When they came in they looked tired, bleary with ice. The dogs threw themselves down in the snow, their tongues lolling. The tribe gathered around the sled. Uk was the first to unlash the skin tarpaulin. He dragged it back. In the box underneath were the pelts of four white foxes and a pekan. No meat.

No one showed what they felt. They began simply to unload the sled. The dogs were unharnessed and Kikogark trudged towards his igloo carrying his Winchester and his skins, his face set.

Uk had his hood back and he heard the sound first. A sled was coming in from the south-west. It was coming fast. Kikogark stopped and pulled out a spy-glass and put it to his eye. He made an incredulous sound; shouted to the others.

"Caribou!" Uk cried to Crawford. "It is Amanook. He make caribou sign!"

Instantly the camp sprang to life. Kikogark shouted orders to the women. They raced off to fetch up the fresh dogs. Anavrark ran to her igloo and brought up a can of tepid water. Kikogark and Oogark heaved the sled upside down; began recoating the peat-treaded runners with water. The water froze instantly into a smooth surface.

They were ready to go by the time the second sled bore in with Amanook standing up at the back waving his arms and shouting.

"What's he say?" Crawford asked Uk.

"He say, many, many caribou! He say every man, every gun come shoot caribou!"

Crawford grabbed at Kikogark just as he was boarding the sled.

"Can I come along?" he shouted above the noise.

Kikogark shook his head; held up his Winchester. "One gun, one man," he said.

Crawford dragged up his parka and pointed to the .38 in his belt. Kikogark grinned. "Okay," he said. "Come." He shouted to the dogs. The sled jerked forward and Crawford threw himself on only just in time.

Amanook's sled swung round and pulled away ahead of them. The dogs were fresh and the snow was like stretched silk, and they drew out into the blazing waste at a fast pace.

As they went along, Kikogark and Oogark

Continued on page 32

Colonel Lloyd spots the winners of the future

by ANTONY FERRY

Buying and selling racehorses is a big-business gamble for high stakes. The colonel uses scientific knowledge—and a sixth sense—for finding unborn winners for tomorrow

A stallion wins the praise of Colonel Lloyd and his stud groom. One stallion he bought for £105 sired the winners of £200,000 in stakes money

A midget leads the thoroughbreds. This Shetland pony—an unusual purchase for Colonel Lloyd—is to be sent to an American who owns a circus

SOME YEARS AGO, a New Zealand racehorse breeder named John Donald heard about a thoroughbred horse up for auction in Newmarket. He cabled the British Bloodstock Agency in London, authorizing them to bid up to 1,500 guineas for the animal, a stallion called Beau Pere.

Colonel Clifford Humphrey Lloyd, a heavy-set expert on purebred horses, whose manner reflects the habits of a cavalry officer, was given the assignment to buy Beau Pere. He went to the auction and waited in the sun all afternoon until the auctioneer turned to the stock of stallions. It was late evening when Beau Pere was led to the paddock.

Beau Pere was offered at a thousand guineas, but no one else seemed interested in making an offer, so Colonel Lloyd bided his time. The price went down. When he got back to London, Lloyd cabled Donald the news that he had made the purchase for a hundred guineas. Far from being pleased, the New Zealander wired back to say: "It can't be much good at that price, but send it, anyway."

Within a few years the horse became famous in Australia and New Zealand, siring the winners of more than £200,000 in stakes money. Later, an American syndicate bought it for stud purposes in the United States for £25,000.

Keeping Up With The Form

This was one of the best bargains Colonel Lloyd has ever made. Through his knowledge of racehorses and daily study of bloodstock lines, he has often helped people like Donald to make fortunes from the turf.

Lloyd is one of five directors of British Bloodstock who travel to every corner of the world where horses are run in order to find clients and keep up with racing form. He has worked among horses all his life—as a young man in the army, as the manager of a stud farm for ten years, and in his present capacity as an international salesman. He spends half his working time watching horses in training and investigating their blood lines in the Stud Book.

It is Lloyd's business to find out everything he can about the animals he wants to sell. "If you can tell a man enough about a horse," he says, "he will find himself wanting to own it."

While he was in Malaya recently, Colonel Lloyd was invited to a classic racing event. His host was the owner of the finest stable in the country and he had three times refused Lloyd's offer to sell him a thoroughbred. Tactfully, both avoided any mention of the horse.

In silence, they watched the five events on the programme. After the races, the Malayan tore up his betting tickets and asked Lloyd if he had had any better luck. Casually, the salesman handed him the programme card on which he had listed, before the first race, his choices in each event. He had predicted every winner. Later that night, he cabled his fellow directors the news of a successful transaction.

The agency's place in Britain's export trade is to sell thoroughbred racehorses for dollars but, paradoxically, it is also devoted to the preservation within the British Isles of a blue-blood dynasty from which most of the world's thoroughbreds have been produced. To carry out these aims, all five directors need a talent for judicious selection which ensures that every horse they buy will eventually get to the right stable.

Several years ago, the Aga Khan, one of the agency's best known clients, attended a sale of yearlings by the National Stud. A horse named Feridoon struck his fancy, but the Aga Khan, who never buys on a whim, consulted all the experts before placing his bid. Interest in the yearling mounted; the price went up to 17,000 guineas—the highest ever asked for a yearling at that time. The Aga Khan bought it.

When Feridoon was given a pre-training run he showed himself to be so unpredictable that the Aga Khan put him to stud. Two years later, one of the agency directors was attending a routine sale in Paris when Feridoon was sold—for fifteen guineas.

The business of buying and selling horses involves a risk that makes the wildest stock market speculation seem modest. For every spectacular win registered in *The Bloodstock Breeders' Review* there are enough unadvertised losses to discourage all but the most reckless millionaires.

The High Price Of Tuppence

Tuppence was a yearling purchased by Miss Dorothy Paget, one of Britain's leading owners, on the highest possible recommendation. The transaction, which was secret, was said to have involved between six and thirteen thousand guineas. The horse was entered in the Derby shortly after with thousands of pounds backing it to win simply because, the experts say, of a name that caught the public's fancy. The race was so disappointing that Tuppence was retired to stud after a career that brought its owner little more than £80 in stakes.

With representatives in almost every country, British Bloodstock is one of a dozen similar agencies in England and Ireland that are involved in the sale to domestic and foreign markets of about six thousand racehorses a year. During 1953, 1,356 thoroughbreds were exported from England, 523 of them to dollar countries. The agency gets a large share of this £2 million export trade, one quarter of which adds to

Colonel Lloyd (right) inspects thoroughbreds on the British Bloodstock Agency's farm in Middlesex. In 1953, British horses earned £2,000,000 abroad

Britain's dollar reserves. At one annual event alone—the December sales at Newmarket—Lloyd and his associates customarily bring a purse of more than £100,000 to buy brood mares, foals and horses-in-training for their clients.

In spite of the agency's scientific approach to all its bloodstock dealings, there is usually an element of risk involved in transactions.

When a smallholding farmer in Malaya decided to supplement his income two years ago, he went to London for a talk with Lloyd and asked him to find a good racehorse he could enter in Malaya. He warned him, however, that he could not afford to spend more than £500. Lloyd sent a horse that cost £200 to buy and £300 to ship by freighter. During the long voyage, the animal caught cold and arrived in Malaya with a permanent wind affliction.

Hunch That Made A Fortune

Later, however, Lloyd managed to offset this loss for his despondent client. On the auction block at Newmarket he saw a horse called No Account. It was a temperamental two-year-old. Lloyd knew that if he had it gelded it might make a good racer. He bought it for £600 and sent it to the farmer in Malaya on condition that he paid the shipping charges. Twelve months after No Account began to run, Lloyd recovered his full investment plus a bonus commission. It made more than £50,000 the first season and was rechristened Sporting Gesture.

Lloyd, who gets five per cent commission plus expenses on every horse he sells, uses every scientific means at his disposal before buying, and then depends on a kind of sixth sense in selecting the right client.

An unassuming mare named Toboggan dropped a foal just before the war that was later christened Hydroplane II. The subsequent research the agency carried out into Hydroplane's blood line led to a recommendation that made racing history some years later. Intuition went into the suggestion when the agency offered Hydroplane to Warren Wright, of Calumet Farms, Kentucky. A few years before, Wright had bought a stallion called Bull Lea. It looked like a good stud prospect for Hydroplane.

Lloyd began negotiations and Hydroplane was bought for 2,800 guineas, a modest sum compared to some of the agency's other transactions. But the result of the research, when the two horses were mated, was Citation, which made more than a million dollars for its owner and became the world's leading stakes winner. Lloyd got the usual fee for his advice—140 guineas—but the gain to the agency's reputation, he says, was invaluable.

Unsound speculation is not the only danger Lloyd must face. One of his prize purchases had to be shot in mid-Atlantic when it went wild in a flying transport while on its way to an American buyer. The horse had kicked through part of the fuselage before its keeper decided to shoot it. The loss was covered by insurance.

On another occasion, a horse on its way to India had to be rescued when the freighter was torpedoed off the coast of England. The rescue was made by a lighthouse keeper's wife, who spotted the mare struggling away from the wreckage. She swam out and led the horse to the shore. The animal later had a foal, and the woman received a cheque for £100 from the agency.

British Bloodstock does all its own shipping, a complex job of crating and documentation that sometimes takes weeks of cutting diplomatic red tape. It took thirty-seven cables to clear a transaction between the agency, an American syndicate and an Italian breeder. The Americans had deposited £50,000 with the firm towards the purchase of Daumier, the finest stallion to come out of Italy's stables. Lloyd had arranged for every possible document when the Italian Government stepped in at the last moment with an old decree. This law prohibited the sale for export of any Italian classic winner until it had served a three-year period of service on Italian studs. Daumier had done only two seasons.

The ensuing conflict, which almost caused a diplomatic incident when the syndicate chartered a flying box-car, ended peacefully. An American agent flew to Italy and reimbursed the government for the loss to its national prestige.

The paradoxical nature of the business—to sell fine racehorses abroad while keeping a strong bloodstock line for stud purposes at home—has sometimes put Colonel Lloyd in an embarrassing position. During the Newmarket December sales in 1948, all the other transactions going on—amounting to almost a million guineas—were eclipsed by the frantic bartering for the daughters of Hyperion, one of the most fabulous stallions in the late Lord Derby's stud. Breeders from all over the world came to bid for the eight horses. Lloyd and his colleagues, by chance, found themselves representing mainly American breeders.

Held A Phantom Auction

Feelings were running high; the camp of wrangling bidders was firmly divided. Lloyd organized his forces in Byculla House, a rambling three-storey residence the agency keeps up to entertain its clients during the event. The day before Hyperion's daughters came up for sale, Lloyd presided over a phantom auction to determine which of his American clients could be considered in the running to match the best bids the other breeders would make.

Many of the small clients dropped out of these preliminaries. Lloyd was left with a set of top-priced bids which he felt sure would enable him to buy at least a few of the horses for his clients.

The next day, Colonel Lloyd bargained himself hoarse at the auction. Despite his clients' strong financial backing, he lost the contest to half a dozen domestic breeders. Only one Hyperion mare went to the Americans. The rest of the stallion's stock sold to British breeders for a total of 47,280 guineas.

But this was one occasion when Lloyd did not mind losing valuable dollar earnings. The seven daughters of Hyperion he failed to acquire would remain in Britain—to breed pureblood racers for him to sell in the future. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

Continued from page 21

the river, the walls still unplastered, the windows unglazed and the doors unhung. We were all crammed on to the dirt floor in a concentration which just left us room to lie down at night.

A new routine commenced. Before dawn our guards would begin to scream orders through the window in an effort to get us out of bed. Eventually, the fit would rise and form up outside for a check, preparatory to marching off. The hours of daylight would be spent on a hill about a mile away where, in the shelter of a pinewood, we received our breakfast of kaoliang. On three wonderful days we had rice, as a treat —and half-cooked bean shoots.

The two Chinese doctors in the village occasionally came to the schoolhouse to examine the sick and, now and again, gave Bob a few drugs to dispense. As the number of sick increased, we were told that it was due to our neglect of "personal sanitation" —for which they held no responsibility.

They were quite unabashed when Bob pointed out that we were rarely allowed even to wash our hands and faces. Eventually he was permitted to remain behind each day to care for the sick, though the issue of drugs remained irregular, infrequent and inadequate.

Obey—Or Be Punished

On our first evening in the village we had been addressed by the guard company commander, a small, dapper young Chinese, who called himself Tien Han. Through a pudding-faced female interpreter, he pointed out to us that though we had been spared death at the hands of the Chinese, we must not mistake this leniency for weakness.

We were war criminals who would now be given an opportunity to make recompense for our past misdeeds; absolute obedience to his authority would be the first way in which we must show that they had been justified in sparing us from death. Those who disobeyed the regulations must expect, at least, severe punishment in the form of rigorous imprisonment.

This little address was followed a few days later by a military interrogation. The only officer who was questioned seriously was Carl, whose identity as a technical expert they suspected, though by good fortune they never discovered that he had commanded a radar unit. Carl was brought up before the principal interrogators three times and, remaining obdurate in the face of their threats, was bound and marched away to a small underground bunker where he remained night and day for a considerable period.

He was not the first to be placed in this foul, deep hole. One of Frank's young gunners, Ross, had already served a sentence in it, contracting severe bronchitis. Sergeant Sharp, the intelligence sergeant of the Fifth Fusiliers, soon joined Carl, and we began to wonder which of us would be next.

I became convinced that the fact that I had argued politics with the Chinese had been reported to the headquarters controlling Munha-ri. On the first occasion that I was taken out, I was asked: "Where did you receive your political training? Are you a political officer with your army? Did you give political instruction to your unit?"

When I made no reply to this, they said: "What is it that you misunderstand about Marxism that makes you reject it?"

Betrayed His Parents

These questions were asked me by a very ugly, lisping Chinese called T'ang, who spoke English with a heavy accent. He was an unpleasant and dangerous character, ambitious to a degree; a man who boasted that, as the son of a landowner before the revolution, he had subsequently delivered both his parents into the hands of the authorities for execution as "enemies of the people."

I was taken out twice, about this time, for an interview with T'ang, and spent most of the time listening to his opinions on international affairs and the change that might be expected in these now that China was becoming the most powerful nation in the world.

They soon became tired of military interrogation and began to select small groups of prisoners to attend lectures on the Chinese Revolution and its significance. As an alternative, we had further addresses reminding us of our good fortune in having our lives spared; of the debt we owed to our Chinese captors for their "lenient treatment." They cannot have realized how bored we were at hearing the same nonsense repeated over and over again.

My foot was now healing fast, thanks to Bob. We made up a new escape party consisting of Bob, Thomas, the Filipino, Sid of the Fifth Fusiliers, and myself. Byron was also a member, as soon as Bob pronounced his burns sufficiently healed. Unquestionably, his former health had pulled him round, in spite of the absence of drugs and surgical treatment. It was only later, after our strength had been sapped by long imprisonment, that we were to find it impossible to recover fully after sickness.

We went over our plans as we sat on the hillside each day, making what preparations we could from our limited resources. Just as we reached the point of being ready to go, Bob had to withdraw. It was at this time that he was allowed to look after the sick and wounded in what he called the "medieval pesthouse," and he felt that he could not leave them to the mercy of the Chinese. It was a bitter disappointment to him—indeed, to us all. We prepared to go without him. Then the final blow fell.

One evening, after the second meal of the day, T'ang came into the schoolhouse and read out a long list of names, telling each man to move outside with his few possessions for a night march. When he had finished, we discovered that five of us were to remain in the village with a group of very sick men and the occupants of the bunker: Sergeant Sharp and Carl.

Our little group returned to a house at the river end of the village, in which we were allotted a small room. Now, instead of leaving the village entirely for the hours of daylight, we were merely taken to the hill at the back of our hut, where we lay under the trees. Each of us had lost friends in the departure of the other column, and I had lost all my escape associates. Our group consisted of Guy, the Padre, Duncan, Sergeant Fitzgerald of the gunners, and me; and what we were all doing there was a mystery.

Then T'ang began lecturing us—the five fit as well as the sick men—on the subject of what he called the "New China." Each morning he would appear, lisping and smiling, a changed personality from the scowling Chinese he had been less than a fortnight before. His scowl returned only once.

Three Men Recaptured

One warm afternoon, we were sitting in the June sunshine on the hill, drowsing, as I recall it, when he suddenly appeared. In a shaking voice, his face twisted with rage, he pointed to the bound figures of Bob, Byron and Thomas, who had been brought up the hillside.

"These men," he screamed, "tried to escape from the group marching north. But escape is impossible! We Chinese are all-powerful. You cannot evade us! Now these men will receive the severe punishment they deserve."

He led our three friends away, and we returned to our places, desolate that they had been recaptured.

As the summer advanced, three major incidents disturbed the dull routine of our lives. The first was that T'ang left us—"on promotion to a higher command," he smirked—and Kan became our lecturer-in-chief.

Next, Bob, Sergeant Sharp and all the sick party were sent north by truck, leaving Duncan, Guy, Carl, Byron, the Padre, Sergeant Fitzgerald and myself. Last, Tien Han's company was relieved from duty in the village by the same company that had taken the Colonel's column north—the company of Commander Soong, whom we called "Mephy" because of his Mephistophelian eyebrows.

Among the company officers who now supervised our life, the principal English-speaker was the pig-faced youth who had met me on the night that Kinne and I joined the Colonel's group in the south.

Kan, who belonged to the regimental headquarters, continued to visit us each morning to give his lectures, to bring political material for us to read and to labour at the thankless task of getting us to work up a really good group discussion on such themes as "The course of imperial aggression in the Far East since 1945." Somehow—though we tried so hard—we could not manage the right note of sincerity.

Began To March South

In retrospect, I see that Kan came to realize little by little that our hearts were not in our work; that we took part in his classes only as a means to an end. By August, his smile on parting rebuked us for not really wanting to be converted to Marxism: he could not understand us at all.

We had been in Munha-ri nearly three months when we were given notice to pack up one evening in late August.

In the middle of the guard company, accompanied by Pig-face, the interpreter, and Chang, the company officer who had immediate charge of us, we set off from Munha-ri about an hour before sunset. We were all tremendously excited, for we felt that at last we were going to discover why we had been kept back from the prison camps in the north.

We fell into the familiar march routine: breakfast at dusk and supper at dawn. Another series of villages provided billets for the column during the daylight hours.

We marched south through the broken streets of Pyongyang, causing a mild stir as our bearded, unkempt figures were noticed by one and another of the groups in the crowded street. The population seemed to consist mostly of North Korean soldiers and workers—though we saw two cars carrying Russian military and naval personnel, who, we assumed, were part of the local embassy staff.

There were several European

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

ALTHOUGH middle aged Kenneth loved Jean and wanted to marry her, his courage failed him when it came to proposing in person. She appeared to be fond of him, so he solved the problem by writing her a long letter, asking her to marry him.

"I shall look after you well financially," he promised. "And when I die I shall leave you my country cottage."

Jean thought things over carefully. She liked Kenneth, and she was more concerned with companionship and comfort than with a love match. In view of his offer to care for her and leave her the cottage, she decided to accept his proposal.

Kenneth was delighted. They were soon married, and the future seemed bright for both of them. Unfortunately, after a time, Jean found that her husband had been a bachelor for too long to shake off his old habits. They bickered over the way to make tea, set the table, arrange the furniture and many other small matters.

Kenneth began to feel sorry for himself: after a trifling upset which particularly annoyed him, he stormed round to his solicitor and arranged to give the country cottage to his sister.

By accident, Jean discovered that her sister-in-law now owned the cottage. She was furious, and sued her husband for breaking his undertaking to leave her the house.

"We're beyond the age of passionate love," Jean said to the judge. "Kenneth knew that his promise to look after me and leave me his cottage really persuaded me to marry him. He has deliberately deprived himself of ownership of the property, and has therefore broken his agreement. He must pay damages."

Kenneth dismissed all this as nonsense. "I promised to leave you the cottage when I die," he told his wife in court. "And you can't say now that I won't do so: you must wait for my death to see whether I've broken my promise or not. In any case, you cannot claim that everything a man says before marriage is enforceable against him."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 30

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civilians, too, who quickly turned their heads away when they saw us. In the central area through which we marched no more than thirty Chinese troops passed us, except for the many convoys of supply vehicles that awaited passage across the one bridge in operation.

Beyond Pyongyang, we took the road south-east that leads, eventually, to Suan. To our delight, Pig-face, who was for ever boasting of his courage and belittling ours, began to show his apprehension as we marched along roads subject to air attack by our night bomber forces.

Hid From Air Attack

On the eighth night of the march, the column scattered from the road as the sounds of aircraft were heard close by. Everywhere the air-raid warning "Fiji-fiji-lella" went up, as we took cover on a boulder-strewn hillside.

Some way down the road, one of our planes was firing its machine-guns beneath the light of parachute flares. As the last burst died away, another sound caught my ears. With the greatest pleasure I saw a pale, terrified Chinese lying near me in the ditch. It was Pig-Face being violently sick!

Ten days after we left Munha-ri, we reached our destination.

Having divested themselves of their packs and other equipment, our guards led us into the courtyard of a medium-sized Korean house, where the company headquarters' staff seemed to have filled the entire building.

At that moment, Chang appeared with Pig-Face, indicating that we should enter two small storerooms, each about the size of a water-closet in an average British semi-detached house. The only way in which four of us could lie down simultaneously in one of these rooms was to overlap legs and hips, taking it in turns as to whose legs should be on top. Carl, Byron, Duncan and I settled in one of the boxes and were soon asleep.

The weather had improved by the following morning and we were able to dry out our damp clothes—already partly dried by the heat of our bodies.

Another hillside gave us accommodation during the day from now on; a duller hillside than that at Munha-ri; it had no view beyond a few hundred yards of maize fields. The days passed as we sat waiting for some statement from our captors concerning our future. Nothing happened.

Four days went by without a sign of Kan, Chang, or even Pig-Face. We urgently needed the quack who served the regiment as a doctor, and occasionally favoured us with his presence. We saw him in the distance once and called to him, but he hurried away.

No Medical Treatment

On the fifth day, Pig-Face appeared. We showed him Fitzgerald's feet, which were cut and swollen with pus. Byron and Carl needed the doctor, too; their dysentery was considerably worse. Pig-Face reminded us that we were captives who were not entitled to medical treatment.

For good measure, he told us that the peace talks, of which Kan had given us a little news just before we left Munha-ri, had been broken off, and that the Chinese were now moving steadily south in a great offensive.

He had so many unpleasant things to say that, after he had swaggered off along the path, we made a pact that we would ignore him in the future. Meanwhile, we had to consider how things stood, in the light of his news about the peace talks.

We had never been very sanguine about these—Kan's information had made it plain that his side were out to wring every ounce of propaganda from them. It had occurred to us that the talks might enhance our prospects of return; the Chinese might want to give an appearance of good faith by releasing a number of prisoners during the early stages of negotiations. Unless Pig-face were lying—which was very possible—any hope of this had now disappeared. That day I decided I would begin preparations to escape, so as to be ready to meet any eventuality. My immediate problem was a partner.

Because of sickness or debility among the others, I decided that I would ask Duncan. He was a man of very strong character, an unselfish companion, had a strong constitution and, not least, was a good swimmer.

That evening, I spoke quietly to Duncan as we lay side by side in the box we shared, the only time when we were not under permanent observation by the guards. Duncan still believed that we had a prospect of release. Once he knew that there was no hope, he was ready to come with me, he said. I told him that I was already at work on my means of escape and would wait another three days.

Two evenings later Kan appeared with "Hawk-Face," the regimental commander, and "Pudding-Face," the girl interpreter. Hawk-Face said how well we all looked. We must be careful not to get too fat! We were fatter, he declared, than when he had last seen us—what excellent care the company was taking of us! He looked into our accommodation and remarked that we were indeed lucky.

I almost asked him why our kaoliang ration had been cut, why we had no doctor or medical kit for Fitzgerald and the others, and why we were treated like felons, instead of honourable prisoners of war. But I forbore; there were other things I wanted to ask.

"Setback For Peace"

"We are very sorry to hear that the peace talks have been broken off," I began. It had to be put like that. To have asked a question would have been fruitless; he would merely have replied with the blandest of smiles that he did not know, he had not heard.

Hawk-Face glanced at Kan for a moment, then nodded. Kan muttered something to Pudding-Face.

"Yes," said Pudding-Face, "it is a setback for the true lovers of world peace everywhere. Now the world can see that it is the American imperialists and their lackeys"—she added this for the benefit of her British audience—"who are the enemies of the people. You will see it, too, if you study."

Hawk-Face intervened here; he spoke quickly to her in Chinese and at some length, using his left hand to emphasize a point as he developed his subject.

At last, Pudding-Face turned back to us. "Go to your sleep, now," she said. "You need this for your health; you must take great care of your health, the regimental commander says. You have not worked hard at your study of the truth. You must now begin to study with sincerity. You should write a letter to your friends at home, telling them to act for peace in Korea. Soon, perhaps, you can pass on the truth to your friends in their camps in the north."

They bade us good night and we climbed into our sleeping boxes. I had heard enough to convince me that I had waited too long. When all was quiet, I paused in my work, and turned over to Duncan.

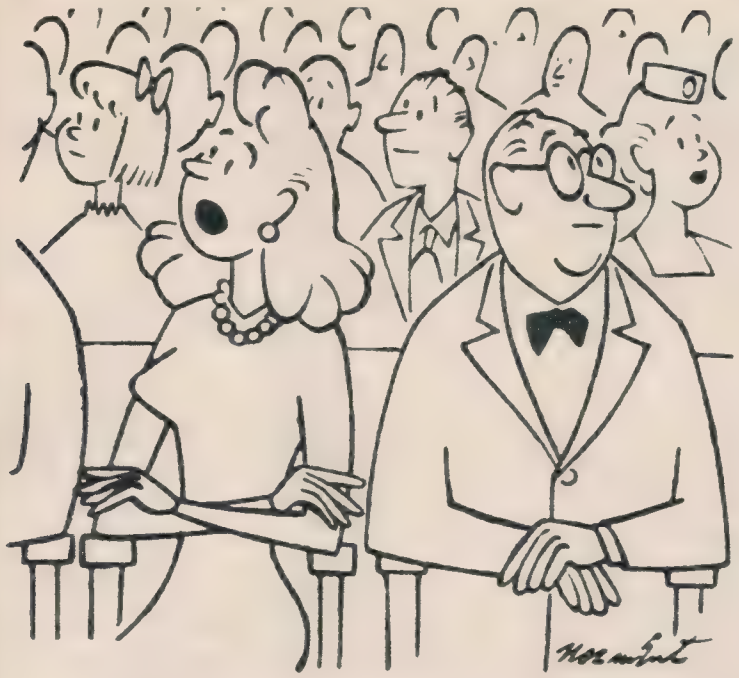
"What about it?" I whispered. "Are you coming?"

"You're damn right, I'm coming," he muttered. "When do we start?"

On the following night, my preparations bore fruit; Duncan and I slipped away from the village, heading west under a quarter-moon. We hoped

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 28, the judge refused to listen to Kenneth's abstract arguments about the possibility of his regaining ownership of the cottage before he died, and forcing Jean to wait and see if he broke his agreement. "You have put it out of your power to perform the agreement," the judge told him, adding that there was an immediate breach of contract which gave Jean the right to claim damages, without waiting for Kenneth's death. The agreement was an important factor in Jean's acceptance of Kenneth's proposal: the fact that he had given away the cottage was evidence enough against him. *(This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)*



"There's a horde of wild Indians threatening some people with hatchets over here. What's happening on YOUR side of the screen?"

never to see Pig-Face again, except at the end of a rope.

Each night we moved as directly along our course as we could: the route was never easy. The hills were covered with bushes and dwarf oaks, which gave us splendid cover by day, but impeded our movement by night.

On the fourth night we came to a river that lay directly across our route. We could not see the other shore. Searching for a ford, we set off along the bank and, a mile downstream, found a sandbar stretching into the river, thrown up by a small stream which emptied here into the main waters. There was just a chance that the river had silted up sufficiently at this point to permit us to walk across.

River Swept Them Off

We walked along the spit to the water, wading in. The ground dropped away beneath us, the water reached our waists, our chests, our shoulders. The current caught us; there was no retreating. Remembering my previous experience in the Imjin River, I turned on to my back as I was swept away, kicking strongly with my feet.

I was getting tired when my foot touched bottom on the far side, and I found that I had reached the base of an almost sheer cliff. I was about to leave the water when I heard Duncan's voice. "Help!" he called. "Help! I'm drowning!"

Wading towards him, I saw that he was only a few yards from the shore. "It's all right," I called back. "You're in shallow water. Stand up."

Doubtfully, he put his feet down to find that the water came up to his armpits. We met by the bank. It was beginning to get light as we found ourselves near a wide track, bearing the imprint of tyres. Obviously this was no place for us; it was time to find a hiding-place for the day. We hurried away from the road and through a cultivated valley, made a detour of a village and began the ascent of a hill.

Half way up we came across a series of platforms such as the Chinese dug out for themselves to sit on during the summer days. Above these, the hill was fortified with trenches and dug-outs, but they looked old and unused. The whole system had probably been dug during the withdrawal of the enemy to the Yalu the year before.

It seemed unlikely that we should encounter troops here at this time, so we climbed on to the crest of the hill. In any case, it was well after dawn; it would have been difficult to get to another hill unobserved by those in the many villages on either side.

Our clothes were still saturated with water from the river crossing; there had been no time to wring them out. Unfortunately, it was an exceptionally overcast day and the strong wind was from the east. I squeezed the water from my outer garments and dressed again. Duncan, however, laid his things out to dry, temporarily clothing himself in his thin flying suit.

We were both feeling the effects of our long and tiring marches, the coarse food we had been given over so many months and the uncooked maize which had done little more than ease our hunger pangs during the past three days. I decided that we must try to obtain food which would sustain us against the ten or twelve days of arduous marching that separated us from our destination, the coast.

At the head of the valley that lay to the east of our hill I saw a small, isolated house from whose one chimney smoke was rising. A path ran past the house, joining a wider track as it approached the village that stood on the valley floor—a village that was filled with Chinese soldiers.

The advantage of the isolated house was that Duncan and I could descend the hillside under cover to see who lived in it, and Duncan could watch the path for half a mile in either direction while I entered to seek food, if a civilian family were in occupation. We followed this plan exactly.

The moment came when I approached the open kitchen door, through which we had seen a young woman cooking at one of the pots. The kitchen darkened as I stood in the doorway, causing her to look up. I smiled and showed her that I held no weapon.

Family Were Alarmed

Still watching me, she half turned her head and called to her husband, who was lying on a mat in the other room. She must have said something that alarmed them all, for the cries of the two children with whom he was playing ceased.

For a moment all was quiet. Then he got up and came into the kitchen. From the doorway I looked down into their frightened, brown eyes.

I made signs that I was hungry and pointed to the cooking pot. The man said something in Korean to me which I did not understand, adding: "Migook?"—American?

I shook my head. "Yungook."

They continued to stare for some moments; then the man pointed to my eyes, turned to his wife, and laughed. She smiled. They had probably never seen a man with blue eyes before.

On this basis of humour the man seemed to become friendly. He spoke

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to his wife, who began to scoop up their breakfast from the cooking pot. At the same time, he joined me by the door and pointed down to the village.

"Chungook," he said. "Na pa." I was encouraged to find that he had a poor opinion of the Chinese; I felt bound to agree with him.

By this time his wife had removed everything from the cooking pot. With a feeling of shame I saw that we were taking all their poor breakfast—nine cobs of boiled maize. They thrust them into my hand and urged me back up the hillside with many expressions of alarm as they pointed to the valley."

"God bless you," I said in English, and left them. Duncan met me as I reached the cover on the hill.

Caught In The Open

At this point in our journey, I made a major error for which I can never forgive myself. As the soldier in the party, I should have known better than to have agreed to stay near one of the disused earth platforms on the hillside so that Duncan, who was chilled by the wind, could obtain shelter.

Crouching against the hillside we ate our boiled corn—still warm—and enjoyed it thoroughly. At least this would not pass straight through our systems. I was about to say to Duncan, "We really must go after you've eaten that corn cob," when the sound of voices reached us. Within a few seconds five Chinese came through the trees from the direction of the village, searching for wood. They were unarmed, but two of them had long, thick sticks.

We had not time to hide properly—we were actually moving towards some bushes when they appeared.

"Lie still and they won't see us," I whispered to Duncan. The soldiers had certainly not seen us; they were fooling about, throwing stones at one another as they came towards us. Each minute seemed an hour as they picked up sticks or tore at branches hanging from the trees. I dared not turn my head to look at the three to my right, from whom I expected at every moment to hear the shout which would herald discovery.

The other two were now about twenty feet away, their backs to me as they lit cigarettes. I heard a whisper from Duncan, who lay six or eight feet to my left.

"What is it?"

"They'll spot us for sure. I'm going to make a break for it."

"Don't be an idiot," I said. "Keep still and they'll never see you. They aren't looking for us."

"I'm not going to take a chance," he said. "You stay if you want to. As I'm going, I'll try to lead them away from you."

Duncan Dashed Away

He rose instantly to his feet and dashed away towards the corner of the platform we had just left; the sound of his feet on the leaves and dead branches seemed to crash upon my ears.

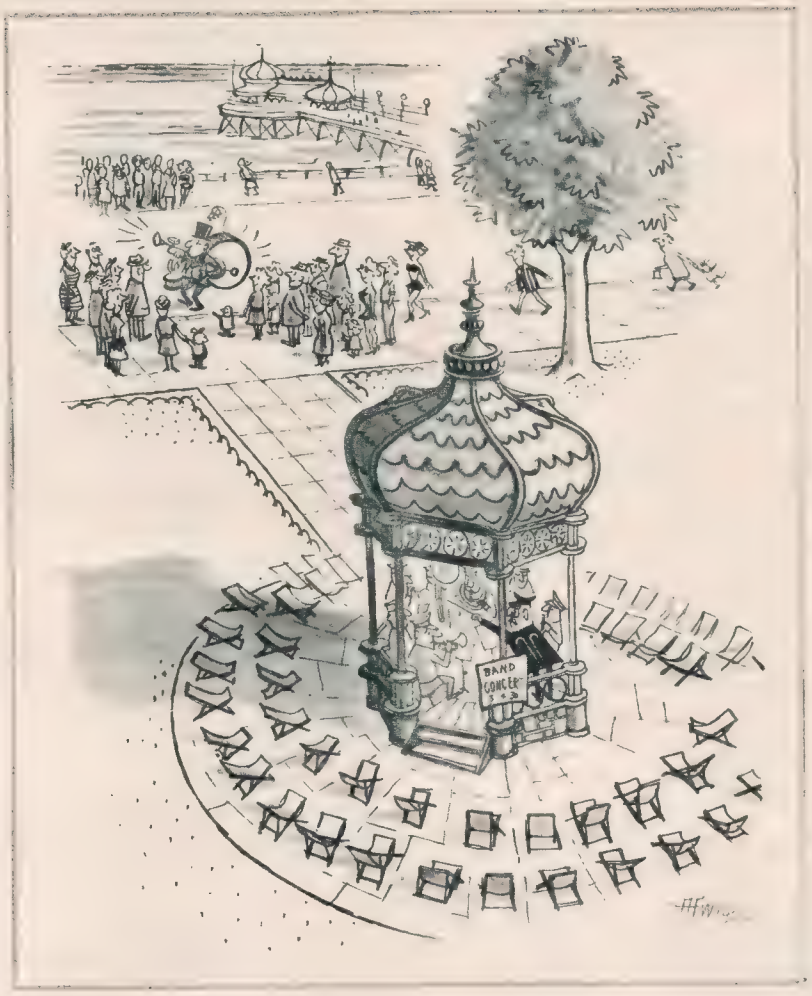
The two men to my front whirled round, gave a mighty shout, and set up an excited chatter on seeing him; the other three came running across.

All five stood there, shouting and pointing. Duncan might have made good his escape, so long were they in recovering from their surprise, but he tripped over a root and fell. At that they gave chase and were closing on him as he disappeared round the shoulder of the hill.

They brought Duncan back about ten minutes later. It was his fair beard I saw first as he came through the trees with four of the soldiers. The fifth had preceded them to report his capture to the village.

As the main party arrived in the village street. I saw the entire garrison crowding the road to look at him, before he was taken into a large house which I guessed to be the local headquarters. A few moments after he had disappeared into the courtyard, I remembered that, apart from his thin flying suit, all Duncan's clothes were still on the hill-top.

NEXT WEEK: A Korean girl betrays me for an apple



CARIBOU

Continued from page 25

shared out their ammunition so that they had half each. They kept talking together, puzzled about the caribou. They were a month early. This had never been heard of before. Oogark thought they must have been cut off from the main herd and driven north by wolves; but Kikogark said that most likely the weather had broken down in the forests.

Crawford got out his pipe, bit on it, watched the seven huskies run with a struggling movement of their hindquarters; watched their blue shadow streaming over the snow, bellying out as they crossed over gulleys—and the strangeness of it came to him.

It was wild and somehow sad. It was the struggle, the endlessness of it. And the fruits of it, were they so sweet? The bitterness of this silent question surprised him; then he knew that he was thinking about his own struggle — the struggle for survival that must have driven him to this place; and as they drove across the snow he realized that he no longer cared much about whether he survived or not.

The sleds raced over the monotonous waste, sometimes abreast, sometimes with Amanook ahead, with no sound but the grinding of the runners on the snow and the occasional yelping of the dogs. The sky stood down on to the horizon like a blue-black bowl, not a cloud, not a break.

The low sun had swung through three hours when Amanook stopped ahead of them and pointed, wagging his arms. Kikogark slung out the big antler which served as an anchor and the dogs, feeling the drag, stopped. He took out his spy-glass and levelled it in the direction the other was pointing. Crawford could see nothing. He heard the Eskimo suck in his breath. He spoke to Oogark, who bared his teeth and snapped a round up the breach of his Winchester.

"Ma-ny caribou!" Kikogark told Crawford, with a wild flare of excitement in his eye. He shook his rifle. "Kill—kill—kill!"

He yanked in the antler and the dogs sprang forward. They had caught the scent and they moved fast, Kikogark swinging them westward, away from the other team so that the two sleds raced forward over the snow in a steadily widening V. Then Crawford saw the caribou. There were thousands of them, as far as the eye could see, dappling the whiteness with clove-brown, their antlers immature and velvety, feeding; now heads erect, antlers a forest, hearing the dogs and staring; they had white underneath, with white tail patches, and, here and there, almost invisible, was an albino. He drew out his .38, snapped the hammer back with his thumb.

The two sleds were racing in from different angles; three hundreds yards; two hundred; one-fifty; now Crawford could see every detail—the floppy white skin of the creatures' throats, their hairy muzzles testing the air. Alarmed, the near ones swung their heads away, cantered a few steps, looked back.

Kikogark threw out the anchor; jumped clear of the sled and fired. A big bull fell. Then he and Oogark were pumping and firing. The beasts were running. Crawford felt strange suddenly. Amanook was firing away to the left. It was too far for the .38, he thought, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. The sight of all these stampeding creatures struck a chord in him somewhere. He tried desperately to remember. There was a jerk. The Eskimos flung themselves on to the sled and they were on the move again, the dogs straining forward in full cry.

The Eskimos started firing from the sled, Kikogark's ejected cartridges flicking past Crawford's face. Then a group of caribou broke away from the main herd, pulling right across their front. They swung across Crawford's blunt sights, running clumsily and fast, with a clicking of heel-bones, their broad hoofs driving flatly against the snow.

He was sweating. Somewhere, somehow, something like this had happened before. He felt fear and pain as though something had been torn out of him. He got a hold on himself and fired; saw an animal pitch forward. The sweat was running down his face and freezing. He fired again, with the pipe clenched grimly between his teeth.

Then they were past and there was only the white tail-pieces of the great herd bobbing away across the plain like a migration of white birds, and the stink of them in the air.

The hunters kept on firing until they were out of range; then Kikogark threw out the anchor to give the dogs a rest. He and Oogark jumped out into the snow, pulling Crawford with them, the Eskimos laughing and slapping each other's back.

"Good!" Kikogark cried, all teeth and no eyes. "Good! Crow-Foot good hunter. Big feast!"

Crawford wiped the sweat off his face. What was the thing he had so nearly remembered? A herd. Something to do with a herd. He wanted to think, but there was no time. The Eskimos were counting the caribou lying dead behind them. Twelve. There were as many again strewn across the plains ahead.

"What do we do now?" Crawford asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

Kikogark stopped laughing. "More kill!" he said.

Presently they got back on the sled and started after the herd again, passing them in a wide arc and driving them back, so the kills should not be scattered over too wide an area. They attacked the caribou many times, killing them systematically, stopping only when the dogs dropped exhausted to the snow. Then they made camp, unloading the sleds and building an igloo with snow-blocks carved out neatly with their knives; and Crawford collected up reindeer moss as he had been taught, and they made a fire.

That night he lay awake for hours watching the coloured Northern Lights flicker on the snow-walls, puzzling over the thing he had felt. But the more he searched his mind the blanker it became. I must know soon, he thought. If I don't remember I shall go crazy.

It took them five days to ferry the caribou back to the big camp—five days of trudging beside overladen sleds, of following their own tracks backwards and forwards, staging at night under the great red-green draperies of the lights. The snow was very tiring for Crawford and he was thankful when they came at last in sight of the igloo settlement.

As they approached the camp, a solitary figure came out to meet them. He seemed in a great hurry and they saw presently that it was Uk. He ran directly to his father's sled and right away, from his face, Crawford knew something had happened.

"Crow-Foot!" Uk said. "White man come. Come to see Crow-Foot."

Crawford stopped. So. Finally it had come. He had prayed for it and finally it was here and he was to meet himself and what he had done. Fear spread its wings inside him.

He glanced at Kikogark's wooden face and back to the boy.

"How many?"

"One white man. One Indian tracker."

"Where?"

"Camp."

Crawford knew suddenly that he mustn't meet the man in camp. This was between him and his kind, to be settled alone.

"I'll be at the hole in the lake," he said. "Tell him he'll find me there."

Uk didn't move. He stood there looking up into his friend's face with his brow wrinkled. He understood something was wrong and wanted very much to help.

"White man have Winchester," he said.

Crawford nodded vaguely. Yeah, he thought. He would have. He jerked another look at Kikogark. The Eskimo made a slight movement with his rifle.

Crawford shook his head. A steady look of understanding passed between the two men. Kikogark jerked up the anchor and spoke sharply to the dogs. The sled moved off.

Crawford stood and watched it go; watched Uk turn, his father's arm across his shoulders; turn again.

Crawford crossed slowly to the hole in the lake and stood there waiting. Presently he saw a solitary figure emerge from among the igloos and start walking towards him.

The man came slowly, silhouetted against the whiteness. A big man, that was all he could see at first. He moved with a swing of his hips. Snowshoes, Crawford thought. Everyone walked the same in snowshoes. He was wearing a cap and a checked parka. He came on slowly with his large unknown face, and

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his lips spread from fighting into an expression of distaste, and his eyes hard and straight and watchful, holding the gun in his gloves with the muzzle pointing forward and downward.

Crawford stood with his legs planted and his arms hanging loosely in front of him, his insides hollow as a cathedral. The big man came to within twenty paces of him and stopped.

"Crawford?" The spread lips moved disdainfully as though they didn't much care for what they were doing. But the blue eyes were steady.

Crawford licked his own lips; nodded.

"I'm the law. Guess you know that."

Crawford didn't say anything.

"I've got to take you in, fella."

Crawford still didn't say anything. He looked at the rifle. It was pointed at the snow. There was a flap cut in the mountie's glove for his trigger finger.

"What does it say?"

"What does what say?"

"The warrant."

The trooper sighed. He was young-looking, but he had been in a lot of scraps. "Do you want me to read it so you can go for your gun?"

"Just tell me what it says."

"It says simply that you killed a man, fella. Ike somebody. And don't ask me who. I ain't so patient as I used to be."

HARLAND, Crawford thought. Ike Harland. He started. How the hell had he known that? A sluggish ripple had started back in the mud of his brain. Time; he needed more time.

"What kept you so long?"

"Wolves. Among other things. Turn around, fella, and spread the wings a little."

Crawford strained his mind. A dull ache began to spread behind his eyes. Oh, God, he thought, what was the use? He let his mind relax. The pain went and something seemed to open up before his eyes. . . .

The trooper tilted the rifle until it was covering him.

"I said, turn around, Crawford."

The thing kept opening up and there was horror in it.

"He killed my wife and son!" he blurted out.

"You can tell me all about it on the way back. We got a long trip ahead of us. Now, turn about!"

"He killed them," Crawford repeated, clutching on to the idea. "I guess that wouldn't mean anything to you."

"So you killed him back," the trooper said quietly, moving in slowly. "You guys make me sick. You pay your taxes and you don't use the law when you need it.. Don't try anything. Just turn around nice and slow."

The stampede, Crawford thought. That fitted in somewhere . . . but it didn't matter, anyway. He wasn't sure that he wanted to know now. Then, because he didn't want to, he saw the ranch suddenly and quite clearly in the late sunlight. . . . There was a white ribbon of smoke rising from the chimney and the pear tree spread-eagled against the south wall was in fruit. It was Harland's place. No, his. Harland had sold it to him. Sure; that was what he'd done.

The mountie was getting close. Crawford began backing away.

"Stay where you are!"

"Quit crowding me, then. I'm sick in the head. I've got to get this straight. He sold me a ranch. He . . . there was something to do with a stampede . . . cattle milling around. . . . My wife and son tried to stop them. Yeah. Someone fired a gun—one of the creditors." It came out suddenly in a rush: "Harland's creditors; they were stripping the place; said they'd had no notice of the sale. That's right! When we tried to stop them they stampeded the cattle. My wife and son were killed!"

The trooper came to a standstill. "That's tough. But it sounds as though it might be legal. The creditors, I mean."

"Like hell it was legal! They were Harland under a different name." But there was more to it than that. A whole lot more. Can't seem to get it quite sure. . . ."

"If you could prove that Harland was in on it maybe you could clear yourself."

"Yeah? And if my sister was a boy, she'd be my brother. What do they feed you guys—cookies? The law is the law. It's not understanding or mercy. It's a book, and if what you've got doesn't fit what's written down, you haven't got it."

The mountie was standing ten feet away. His eyes were very straight and serious.

"If that was true, I wouldn't be doing this job, brother. What happened after the stampede? What did you do?"

Crawford was staring hard at the ground. He lifted his brows without looking up.

"I shot him," he said almost inaudibly. He was speaking without thinking and it came out naturally: "I went round to his place. He was on his front porch and I went up to him and shot him in the belly and he screamed."

THE trooper looked at him thoughtfully. There was a long moment of silence. Distastefully, the beaten-up mouth pulled apart.

"Yeah. That's tough all right. If it's true," he added. "But you're haywire about the law. It ain't so dumb as you think. You'll get your chance to put your case." He squared himself. "Right now I got to turn you in." He didn't raise the gun.

For the first time Crawford met his eyes.

"I'm not going any place," he said.

"Don't make it any tougher for yourself."

"I'm not going to burn for Harland," Crawford said. "It would be like dying for a hog or a cat."

The trooper shrugged. "Okay, fella. I sure hate to do this."

"You have to do it?"

"What do you think? I got a job."

Crawford nodded dully. You didn't take it out on his kind. They were just doing a job. You couldn't reach the kind you wanted to take it out of. They saw to it you couldn't. Injustice was so big. So vast. It was like the air; you could kick at it but it moved with your foot. He thought vaguely about the gun, but dismissed it. Once was enough; he wasn't a man for guns. He was just a man who liked to work. He liked to be quiet. But most of all he liked to smoke. Automatically, he reached round under his parka for his pipe.

The trooper had been in a lot of fights. The move meant only one thing to him. He jerked up the rifle and fired.

The bullet smacked into Crawford's right wrist, spun him round. His feet caught in the snow, throwing him off balance, and he staggered backwards, blundered into the snow-wall he and Uk had built against the wind, and toppled over.

The trooper kicked off his snowshoes and lunged at his legs all in one movement—just as Crawford slid shoulders first into the waterhole. The trooper caught hold of one boot and hung on. He felt the wounded man's foot slipping out of it, captured the other waving leg in the crook of his arm—just in time.

There was a moment of struggle while the mountie worked up on to his knees. Then he got to his feet and pulled Crawford up out of the hole. His head and shoulders had been submerged, and he was gasping. The water froze in the wind instantly, covering him with a brittle skin of ice. The trooper scrubbed at it with his gloves.

"Are you crazy?" he cried. "I ought to bust you right in the eye!"

"Let me go! Let me drown!" Crawford moaned, trying to crawl back towards the hole.

The trooper caught him by the clothes and dragged him away from it; dumped him roughly in the snow. He reached under Crawford's parka for the gun. It was over on the left side. He extracted it with difficulty.

"Beats me how you thought you could get this out," he growled, slipping it into his pocket.

CRAWFORD watched the young, scarred face dully. He didn't bother to explain that he was left-handed. Pity the trooper hadn't shot to kill. He couldn't feel his wrist; didn't bother to look at it.

The mountie dragged up his sleeve, grunted. Crawford stared past him at the camp. The Eskimos had heard the shot and were coming across the snow.

"Leave it," Crawford said wearily.

"Are you crazy? The veins are torn. Do you want to bleed to death?"

"Oh, leave it." He felt tired. "Go away from me. Tell them I died resisting arrest. Tell them anything you like, only for God's sake leave me. Don't you understand? I want to die."

The mountie looked at him closely. Everything about the face was hard and unrelaxing. There was no weakness. It was strange hearing those words and finding no weakness. The man was appealing to him: he'd had a rough deal all right. Hell, he thought, why couldn't it have been an open and shut case? When he'd joined he thought they would all be open and shut cases. Bad men with blazing guns. That was man's work. You could deal with those brothers. He cursed. He shouldn't have to make decisions like these? And yet, it would be simple, he knew that. Just get up and go. It would save toting a wounded man all the way back to Churchill.

The blood was slobbering out of Crawford's wrist fast. He had to make up his mind quickly.

Crawford was looking at him, sensing his struggle. The hollow eyes were begging him to go. The mountie let fall the wrist and slowly stood up.

He walked over and picked up his rifle. Supposing Crawford would have gotten away with it? He had a fair case, if he could prove it. Supposing all the time he would have been acquitted and he, Mike Fisher, had left him to die out here in the snow? That would be murder.

He turned suddenly and went back to Crawford. Kneeling down, he slit the sleeve of the wounded man's parka up to the shoulder.

"What are you doing?" Crawford demanded.

The mountie made a tourniquet from his own leather belt and a handkerchief, dragging on the strap until the flow of blood from the torn wrist ceased.

"What are you going to do with me?" Crawford cried.

"On your feet, sucker!" the trooper said, yanking him up. "Put your arm over my shoulder."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm taking you home, brother. Back to the sunny South. You're going to stand trial and take your chance, like it says in the book. Who the hell do you think you are, anyway? You don't have any special rights. What have you got that puts you outside the Constitution?"

Crawford let his full weight sag, slid down on to the snow and sat there. "Get away from me," he groaned. He began fighting to loosen the tourniquet. "Let me alone."

DISGUSTEDLY, the trooper watched him, making no effort to stop him. "Okay," he said slowly. "Guess I made a mistake. I thought there was some of the man left in you. But there ain't. You're all mush. I was giving you a chance to square yourself with yourself, but I guess you ain't got that much pride."

He paused. Crawford stopped fighting with the strap, stared at him. "I'm giving you one more chance, Crawford, to stand up and take what's coming to you. The odds are five to four they won't burn you for this; but if they do, you'll die facing it like a man. Here you'll be dying like a rat that's crawled away into a corner. You can make your choice. Loosen that strap and so far as I'm concerned you can stay here and rot."

Crawford sat quite still; for the first time he saw himself as the other saw him.

He looked down at the tourniquet. He could loosen it and as soon as the mountie had gone, tighten it again. The Eskimos would look after him. The arm was throbbing now, back-firing into his heart, it felt like.

He felt weak. What did this kid know about it?

"Damn you!" he said, and struggled up. "Damn you, you punk kid. What right have you got? What bloody right——"

The trooper was grinning. "Hey!" he shouted to the Eskimos who were coming up. "Help me get this guy to the sled!"

Kikogark and Uk were the first to get to them.

"Crow-Foot!" Uk cried, seeing the arm.

"Good kid," Mike Fisher said. "Give him a hand. Steady now. He ain't going to feel so good for a couple of days, but he'll pull out of it."

"Damn you!" Crawford said again. "If I hadn't got this arm, I'd knock that kid grin right down your throat."

"Go on—go right ahead and cuss all you want," the mountie said. "Get it off your chest." THE END

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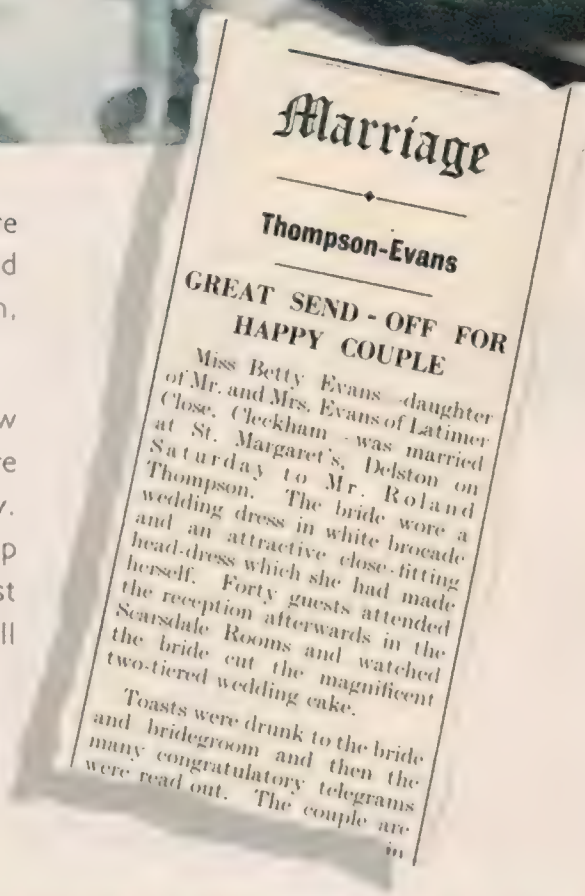

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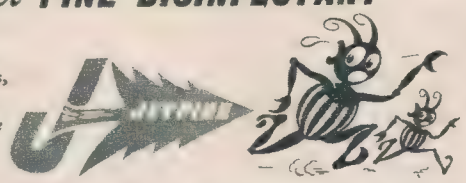

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CHARTER TO DANGER

Continued from page 16

what happens tomorrow?" she said.

"Of course. I would come here, but it may not be wise."

They were at the doorway of the house. A sudden sound behind them made Ross swing round sharply. The cul-de-sac was deserted, but he was taking no chances.

"Quick!" he said. "Into the doorway."

They waited a moment in silence. There was no sound but their own breathing.

"Go now," she whispered. "I will telephone tomorrow."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing."

Max was waiting for Ross at the entry of the cul-de-sac. "It is all right," he announced. "There was no sign of any shadow. She should be safe enough if she is careful."

Ross was still thinking of the girl as they walked back along the rue d'Antibes.

MARSEILLE was below them in the morning sun with Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde reaching up towards them from its high hill and the Old Port gleaming like a slot of silver. The pattern of the docks spun away from under them and the Château d'If was a vanishing dot in the sea behind.

Then the coast spread before them, a crazy jumble of pools and streams and marshes, traversed by the regular lines of canals. They saw the Rhône flowing into the sea through its many mouths.

Their landmark of Montpellier was in sight. From Aigues-Mortes they swung up towards Lunel, then banked for their first run over the stretch of étangs and waterways that Max had marked on the map.

There were barges under way on the canals, waiting in ports, moored in backwaters. Max took the plane down beyond Narbonne Plage, made a wide turn inland and ran over the course again. Up and down and round about they went many times, diving and climbing so that any curious observer might conclude that they were joy-riding or practising manoeuvres.

By the time they had landed at the airport outside Montpellier to refuel and get some lunch, Max's optimism had gone. "One might as well try to find a pea in the Sahara," he complained.

There were several barges that fulfilled the conditions hinted at by Jean Seyrac, stationary, with marshy surroundings, and from the air you could not tell whether they were moored or grounded. And how were they going to distinguish one from another?

Ross looked glumly at the dots he had pencilled on the map. "The thing to do is to hire a launch," he decided. "Then we can explore thoroughly. We could be on a boating holiday."

He kept the idea in mind when they went up again. It was not a bad one, but first they must narrow down the area by air. They inspected many more barges. Sometimes a figure waved cheerfully from a deck and then Ross would put a cross against the corresponding dot on his map, for such an amiable gesture was scarcely likely to come from any of Parra's hands.

For another hour they flew over the hunting ground. There were other planes up, practising manoeuvres, so now their own plane would be less conspicuous in its goings and comings. Max made wide sweeps round Agde to aid deception, but always he was soon back over the marshes, and Ross picked up barge after barge with his binoculars and searched the deck of each of them.

One more run, and inevitably they must head for home.

Suddenly Ross saw something.

"Look!" he shouted. "The Arab's nightshirt! That barge in the backwater to the left of the creek. Come round, Max! Come round! But keep well away. They mustn't suspect us."

Max climbed and swooped, and Ross swung his binoculars on to the object.

There it was. The sign. A white shirt fluttered against the dark deck of the barge. It was pegged by the shoulders to the rigged clothesline and each sleeve was turned twice round the line and held by a peg at the cuff, just as Tiny Kane would have done it. Just as Tiny Kane *had* done it when he was teaching Ralph the ways of the sea. It had been a joke. . . . The deck revealed no other sign of occupation, but Ross knew that Ralph Peters was on that barge.

His hand was shaking as he drew a circle round the appropriate dot on his map.

"Keep going," he urged Max. "Work all the way up to Sète. If they get the idea they've been spotted they'll bolt before we can act."

Max did the job thoroughly. He was far to the north of Lunel before he turned in the direction of Cannes.

Chief Inspector Laurent gazed at the map, then at Ross, then at the map again. "It is, of course, fantastic," he said. "You see a shirt from the air and for a certainty it means that Flavius and the boy are on a barge! What were you and Verenine doing, flying over that part of the country?"

"I've told you. Verenine wished to make a pleasure flight. I went, too."

"And when you are over the étangs, you see this shirt, just by accident. Aren't you allowing your imagination to run away with you?"

The question was undoubtedly justified, but Ross could not disclose the reason for the flight. That would have involved the story of Jean Seyrac, and he was determined to keep Alicia Mars out of it. Bald and unconvincing as his statement might be, Laurent had to take it or leave it.

Ross argued: "I wasn't allowing my imagination to run away with me when I brought you the photograph of Marie Fournaise last night."

LAURENT grunted. He was in a bad mood, and mention of Marie Fournaise aggravated it. His urgent visit to Paris had resulted in nothing but frustration. The Sûreté had failed to produce the woman. She was, it was said, on a weekend visit to her parents in Normandy, but inquiries made by the Rouen police had brought the information that she had not arrived, though her parents were expecting her.

The inspector had called on Merle-Florac at his hotel, and Jean-Louis had treated him as if he were an offending menial.

"How should I know anything about the movements of Mademoiselle Fournaise?" he asked. "The inquiries of your department have been answered by my secretary, who granted the application of the young woman for a

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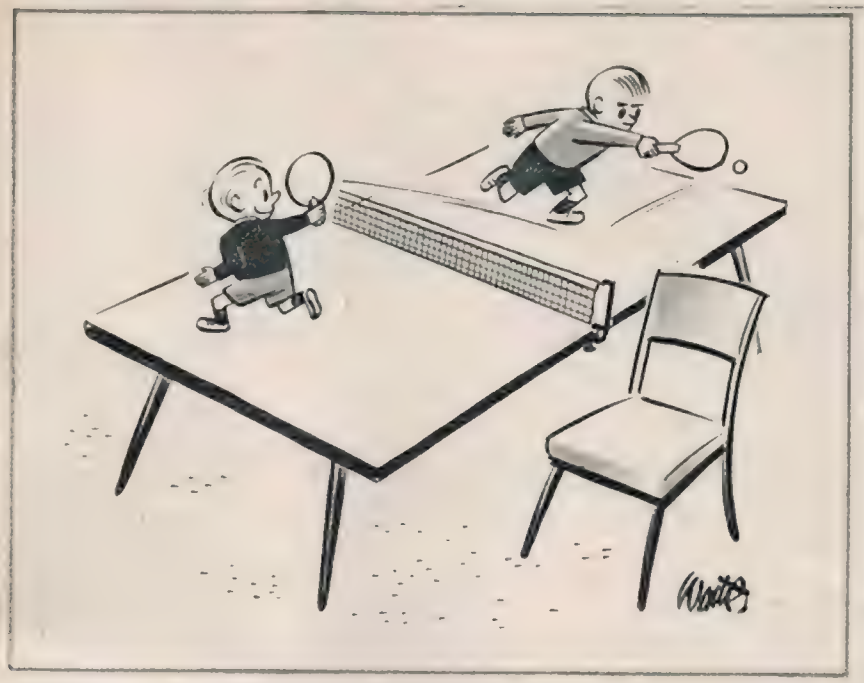

few days' leave. I have nothing to do with the minor arrangements of my staff. It is no business of mine whether she does or does not go to Rouen. Nor can it be any business of yours. I know nothing about her relations with Mademoiselle Blieke. I am not acquainted with Mademoiselle Blieke. If I am subjected to any further annoyance, I will be forced to make a complaint to my friend the Minister. That is all, monsieur."

It was not quite all. Laurent had at once gone to the Minister himself. An order had been issued for the arrest of Marie Fournaise and the instruction to keep Merle-Florac under observation was doubly underlined.

Now Laurent was back in Cannes, and the persistence of Ross in these amateur efforts was like an irritant on sore flesh. "I admit your help, Monsieur Barnes, in the matter of Marie Fournaise," he said. "But this shirt is quite something else. Do you really expect me to raid the barge on such evidence?"

"Yes." Ross was without hesitation. "I am as certain as I am of anything that my nephew, Ralph Peters, hung out that shirt in that particular way as a signal to me."

Laurent sighed gustily.

"Are you going to do anything about it?" Ross demanded with a note of challenge in his voice.

"I cannot answer you at once." Laurent's fat hands gripped the desk in front of him as if he were about to rise. "If you will leave the map, I will consider."

"I hope you appreciate that we cannot afford to lose time. Flavius and the boy may be moved at any moment. . . ."

"I appreciate everything, including your reasonable impatience. All I can tell you is that inquiries will be made. Then we will decide if any action is justifiable. Meanwhile, you will refrain from meddling. This is not a case for amateurs."

Max was waiting at the flat to hear the news, and Ross was furious as he delivered it, railing against Laurent. "If that baboon and his monkeys start nosing round, they'll scare Parra into flight. The job should be done tomorrow at the latest."

Max agreed. "It would be a good day. Saturday afternoon is a suitable time for a fishing party." He pulled a map from the desk and studied it. "Most likely we could hire a craft in Agde."

"I can't believe that Laurent will ignore it. How can he?" Ross moved about restlessly. He started to pour himself a drink, then decided against it. "Did anyone ring me while I was out?"

Max snapped his fingers. "Heavens, yes. I'm glad you mentioned it. Margolies wanted to talk to you. He is coming round. He should be here now."

Margolies arrived a few minutes later, and he was in a hurry. "I've a plane waiting to take me to Paris. I thought I'd better look in on my way to the airport, Mr. Barnes. If we could have a few minutes. . . ."

Ross introduced Max. Margolies was inclined to frown at the thought of another confidant, but found that he had to accept the situation.

"A new note has come by mail," he reported. "The money is to be delivered on Monday morning. Here are your instructions, sealed again, as you see."

Ross took the envelope but did not open it. "Sit down, Mr. Margolies," he said. "We've something to tell you. We've found out where Flavius is."

Margolies opened his mouth, but nothing came out of it. He sat down. He was silent till Ross had finished his story and Max had confirmed it, and Max was now emphatic in confirmation. "Without a doubt," he said, "Ralph Peters is on that barge. You can make up your own mind where Flavius is."

"Perhaps you can persuade Laurent to take immediate action," Ross added. "If he won't move, Max and I will. We're making a fishing trip tomorrow afternoon. We're going to get on board that barge."

"Let me use your telephone."

Margolies was on his feet and reaching for the instrument. His call was not for the police, but for the Marinville. He spoke to Miss Blieke.

"Get the airport and cancel that plane. Are you listening? Put a call through at once to Paris. Tell Kerr he'll have to carry on without me. He knows what to do. If anything unforeseen comes up, tell him to use his judgment."

He slammed the receiver down. He was excited, but his brain worked coolly, already calculating chances. "How many men will they have on that barge?" he asked Ross.

"Not many. They wouldn't need many to hold an old man and a boy. A crowd would attract attention and be difficult to feed."

"But they could have put a dozen men on the barge since," Margolies argued. "Some of their shore helpers."

"What does it matter?" Max asked. "Three or three dozen, Laurent can marshal all the men he needs. The thing is to get him to act."

"But you and Barnes were going to board that barge without help?"

"Not entirely. I had it in mind to take along a couple of hard-knuckled lads from the port." Max grinned. "It's rather a pity we have to hand over to the police."

"We don't have to." Margolies developed a sudden warmth of voice as he went on. "If you two are willing, we'll go into it without the law. I know the obstinacy of that Laurent fellow. He'll want fingerprints and birth certificates before he moves, and maybe an Act of Parliament. We can't have this bungled. By the time the

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police get organized, those crooks may have the wind-up." He took up the map, glanced at it, and threw it down.

"All right, Mr. Varenine," he went on. "You get your lads from the port. I've kept my own knuckles pretty hard and Delbert, Flavius's chauffeur, is an expert. That will make six of us. I'll charter your plane for the trip if you can carry us."

Max shook his head. "Too many for me."

"Then forget it. I'll hire something and we'll have a car from Montpellier meet us when we land. We'll take off about seven. That will give us plenty of time to find the sort of craft we need at Agde. If you'll have your party ready by six, I'll call here for you."

Margolies was in a hurry again, but now his destination was the Marinville. At the flat door he turned to Max.

"Get the toughest hands you know," he urged, "and don't stint the danger money. Flavius will meet all expenses."

Max went with him to the lift. They were both in the same mood, like a couple of schoolboys. Ross had been carried along in the discussion, but now he had misgivings. He went to the window and looked out. The big Bentley was at the kerb with Delbert in attendance. Max came back.

"Why the look of gloom?" he asked. "Are you going to blow cold, now that everything is fixed?"

"I'm worried about the girl," Ross answered. "She promised to call me up tonight. It's getting quite late."

"So it's Alicia!" Max grinned. "I thought it might be the barge."

"The barge isn't altogether out of it." Ross was testy. "What if Parra has picked her up? What if she has been made to tell about those postmarks?"

"Don't work yourself into a state of nerves. Go to her pension and satisfy yourself. Or phone her?"

"I promised to wait. I'll give her a while longer."

"Just as you like, but you'd better make sure. I'm bound for the port. I can't delay."

MAX was a little uneasy himself, but he made light of it. Left alone, Ross tried to concentrate on the plan for the next day, but he could only think of Alicia Mars.

Finally he looked up the number of the pension and jotted it down. Then, as he reached for the instrument, the bell rang and he heard her voice. The explanation was quite commonplace. She had called twice, and each time the line had been engaged. Then she had decided to visit her friends at the Villa Cerrito, which was quite close.

"You little idiot!" It flashed from him as if he had the right to be angry with her. "You shouldn't have gone there. Where are you now?"

"Back at the pension. I'm sorry. I didn't think there was any harm in it."

He apologized, although she had not protested. "Don't leave the place again till you hear from me," he begged. "I may not be home till very late tomorrow. Perhaps not till Sunday. I'll have good news for you. I'm sure of it."

There was a little exclamation from the girl. "You've done enough! You mustn't run any risk."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he assured her. "I'll call you as soon as it's over."

"Please," she said. "Call me at once, please."

He put down the receiver and poured himself a drink. The plan took shape quickly then, and he saw all the details clearly. He saw snags and mishaps and ways to counter them. And he laughed when he thought of Laurent. The fat man from the Sûreté was going to be taught a lesson.

The phone rang again.

"Barnes? Margolies here. I've just had news from Paris. Marie Fournaise has got away, on a plane bound for Brazil. Merle-Florac committed suicide three hours ago. I guess there was nothing else for him to do."

"Nothing else?" Ross could not take it in. "Do you mean to say that

"Almost half the accidents in the home happen in the bathtub!"

Laurent's visit frightened him into suicide?"

"I don't know. The woman was in flight already. He may have meant to join her in Brazil, but probably we'll never learn the truth of it. His secretary has made a full statement. Merle-Florac was finished, ruined. His affairs have been in a hopeless mess for a year or more. He was counting on this merger gamble to pull him through. I can see now how desperate he was. He had to be, to start this crazy kidnapping. When trading closed today, it was the end. He went up to the roof of his hotel and jumped off."

Early on Saturday afternoon a small, clumsy-looking launch stuttered down the Hérault from Agde, took the sea with a slight lurch and turned the point to follow the curving coastline southward.

A trio in the restricted area of the well, where the engine took up a good deal of space, suggested a bourgeois family on a happy excursion. At the tiller, a bearded man in a white yachting cap had the appearance of a shopkeeper on holiday, and the character who lolled on the seat at his side might have been his wife. The third member of the visible party was a robust young fellow in a striped T-shirt and white ducks who was busy laying out some fishing tackle on the deck. Perhaps a son?

Madame, who was watching the engine closely, leaned forward and made some adjustment. She was dressed comfortably for the voyage in roomy scarlet slacks and a more than roomy blue silk shirt, and, though obviously competent when it came to engines, she looked emphatically feminine. Almost oppressively feminine. The emphasis was laid on regardless, with rouge and lipstick, and her fine, peroxided head had a permanent wave that was positively tidal.

Satisfied with the engine, she peered at the coastline ahead, then studied a folded map.

"Bring her over a bit," she instructed the man at the tiller. "It's the third opening past the big inlet."

"Okay, Max." The voice of Delbert came from the bearded face.

Max spoke in French to the young fellow on the deck. "We're getting close, Pierre. Any questions?"

"No questions, *maman*." Pierre grinned. "I know what to do. If there's any argument, just leave it to me."

"Good." Max stretched and called into the cabin. "Now's the time for a breath of air. You'll be a long time below, once we run into that backwater."

Margolies squeezed himself through the cabin hatchway, mopping his face. Ross followed him. A third man remained in the cubby-hole.

In less than another hour the launch had entered the creek.

It was easy going between level banks for the first quarter mile. Then there was marsh, with the waterlogged land laid out on both sides of them in a pattern of sedgy hummocks and twisting channels lined by thick growths of tall rushes. A tall hillock, another bend, and they emerged upon the waters of a wide étang.

The launch was half way across the big pool before Max caught a glimpse of the barge through a veiling of bamboos. He called the news to Ross and Margolies and warned them to get back inside the cabin.

"If they have a lookout, we're sighted by now," he said.

Pierre used his boathook as the launch scraped bottom and jibbed. They swung into the channel again, and Delbert watched the current more carefully. The neck of an empty wine bottle bobbed towards him.

The thin, feathery tops of the bamboos nodded in a light breeze. They were close now, and there was more marsh beyond them. The launch went on between low banks, and in another minute the barge was clearly visible.

It lay on the far edge of a pool or backwater to the left of the creek. It was grounded on a fairly even keel, settled in mud, and there was no doubt it would stay until it fell to pieces. Three shirts flapped lazily on the clothesline, but they were pegged in an orthodox way, not in the manner of Kane's mythical Arab.

Ross peered from the hatchway.

"For heaven's sake touch up your face, Max," he urged. "You look like the dame in a pantomime."

"Stay below," Max warned him. "We're in full sight."

THEY passed the entry to the backwater. Max was lolling on the seat again. He stopped the engine, produced a compact from a pocket of his slacks and powdered his nose. The launch swung in towards the bank and Pierre dropped the kedge overboard.

Pierre sang gaily and danced a few steps on the deck. There was chatter. A hamper appeared, and from it food and wine. Madame shifted her position so that the canopy would guard her complexion from the hot sun. Pierre assembled the fishing rods.

In the cabin, Ross, Margolies and the extra hand, a muscular young man named Jules, peered through the curtained windows at the barge, now separated from them by the low bank and thirty or forty yards of water.

It was a small barge with a squat deckhouse aft, and the laundry on the line was still the only evidence that it was occupied. From a point amidships a gangplank, reaching to a tufted knoll, gave access to a path that picked a sinuous way across the marsh.

Margolies was dubious. "There's nothing unusual about those shirts," he pointed out. "Anyway, if our friends are on board, why should they show any washing at all? Anyone with any sense would try to keep the thing looking like an abandoned wreck."

"They're sure of themselves. They've used this hideout for years." Ross was arguing against his own doubt as well as that of Margolies. "Nobody comes this way. In any case, it's safer for them to be open with the local people round about. They have to come and go to get provisions."

"Maybe. We'll just have to wait and see."

They had not long to wait. The door of the deckhouse opened and a man stepped out. Ross caught hold of Margolies's arm and gripped tightly. The man closed the deckhouse door, came forward and stared across the water at the launch.

He was Parra.

For a moment or two he seemed undecided. He started back towards the deckhouse, but wheeled suddenly and stepped down the gangplank to the knoll. Then he began to make his way towards the creek, stepping or leaping from knoll to knoll till he reached the bank alongside the launch.

He was dressed in beautifully cut tweeds, with knee-high rubber boots, and his manner was amiable.

"I'm afraid you have come to a bad place for your sport," he remarked, smiling. "I have never known anyone catch a fish in that creek."

"No?" Pierre shrugged. "Perhaps they do not use the right bait."

PARRA glanced at madame and monsieur, in the well of the boat. Monsieur was rather stiff. Madame contented herself with a smile and a furtive fingering of her peroxided tresses.

Monsieur cast his line and watched his float carefully.

"I have no wish to discourage you," Parra said, "but I very much fear you are wasting your time."

"It is our time," Pierre told him. "Fish or no fish, we like it here." And he cast his own line.

Madame smiled shyly. What could she do about it? These men of hers wished for peace and quiet. So much was in her smile. She fluttered her eyelids and pulled down the bottoms of her scarlet slacks more becomingly.

"Do you live on the barge?" Pierre inquired.

"Sometimes."

"It is a strange place to live."

"Yes. I suppose it would seem so to you." Parra smiled condescendingly. "I find it very much to my liking."

"You are a hermit, perhaps?"

"Of a sort. I am a writer. I come here to work in solitude."

"Everyone to his taste." Pierre reeled in and had a look at his bait. "You must find it lonely, all by yourself on a barge in the middle of a marsh. But perhaps your wife comes with you to do the washing?"

"Not quite. I bring my man."

"Just the two of you on that barge, like Crusoe and Friday?"

"Yes. Do you find it so very peculiar?"

"No." Pierre shrugged. "It wouldn't suit me, that's all. I suppose the living is cheap. Did you have to pay much for the barge?"

"Not a great deal." Parra's smile had become a little steely. "Perhaps I should leave you to get on with your fishing. From my own experience, it is hopeless. Nevertheless, I wish you the best of luck."

Madame, who had been watching

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HAPPY THE BRIDE the sun shines on! She's even got a brand-new threshold for her brand-new husband to carry her over.

By the time they'd got their house, Dorothy and Jack had a hundred pounds put away. There were one or two cheques among the wedding presents, too. Not a fortune! "Still," said Dorothy, "it's enough to start with."

"Right," said Jack, "first things first. A man must eat." *Electric Cooker*, Dorothy wrote down. "And a woman must wash up," she said, as she wrote down *Electric Water Heater*.

They went off arm-in-arm to see them at the Electricity Service Centre. "You know what you want?" Jack said on the way there. "A washing-machine and a fridge!" Dorothy put on her "Tst, *men!*" expression.

"We could, you know," Jack said. "We could do it on Hire Purchase!"

Dorothy hadn't thought of that. "We'll see," she said. She kept her glove on her left hand as they went in.

* * *

Hire Purchase it turned out to be. Dorothy was going to keep her job on for two years, anyway. That helped. Jack was due for a rise. That helped too. Even so, they both had to go easy.

But never mind. They managed. It was worth it. And they both lived electrically ever after.

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Furnishing with a Future

The electrical equipment of a home is just as fundamental as its floors, doors and windows. Once it is in, item by item, it works away for your comfort and easy life. And it goes on working efficiently, quickly, cheaply and without attention.

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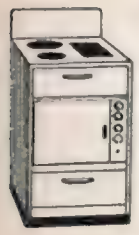
But is it only the young couples with new homes who can plan to be all-electric? No. Your own house may be a going concern. But that doesn't mean that you can't modernise it, with electricity to do the hard work.

Haven't you earned a bit of comfort? Don't you *want* it?

Electricity will give it to you. Electricity will cook and preserve your food, clean and warm your rooms, wash and iron your clothes. Electricity, in use, is modern, clean and easy. It simply switches on and does most of the work for you.

THE FOUR FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN LIVING

Among the good things on show at your Electricity Service Centre now



ELECTRIC COOKER

Electric cooking brings out the best in the cook. Automatically regulated oven heat: glass oven doors on some models: hotplates and grills you can control precisely. Electric cookers are clean and easy to keep clean. No purchase tax, and H.P. is only a few pence a day.

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

Some people think a washing machine is a luxury, something extravagant. They are wrong. Nowadays it is essential — you'd never believe the money an electric washing machine can save unless you've actually talked to somebody who's got one.

ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

The easiest way of having constant, instant hot water. Inexpensive to run, so long as you get expert advice about the right model and how it should be installed. Picture shows small heater for sink or wash-basin. Other models, and the popular immersion heater, heat the water for the whole house.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Two good things about this: less risk to health — food stays fresh and wholesome longer; also, shopping is easier — buy when it's convenient, and when food is cheaper. This is a standard model; other versions are smaller with table tops.

monsieur's float, turned to give the visitor a shy smile in farewell and to observe his nimble performance in retreat.

Delbert spoke quietly to the three in the cabin. "Two of them! Did you hear that? And there are six of us? What are we waiting for?"

"Carry on with the programme," Ross ordered. "There may be more than two of them. That fellow was putting up a tale."

"If we knock him off, the others will scuttle."

This time Max said no. "We follow the plan. Get on with the fishing." He hauled his wristwatch from his slacks and put it on the seat beside him. "We move in thirty minutes from now."

Ross and Margolies watched through the cabin windows. When he reached the barge, Parra was joined by a man from the deckhouse, and they talked for a while. Then both of them went into the deckhouse, and a moment later Parra reappeared with a Spanish guitar under his arm. He sat on a deckchair, tuned his guitar and played.

The last of the thirty minutes ticked away, and Max, repairing his face once more, gave orders.

"Get the anchor up, Delbert. Pierre, you start the engine."

Max pocketed his watch and laid a heavy, foot-long spanner in its place on the seat.

THEY moved and turned in the stream. Max lolled conspicuously, but, as they passed out of sight behind a slight rise in the bank, he snapped forward and did something to the engine. Then he was back on his seat again and the engine began to splutter and miss. The launch took a curving course through the entry into the backwater and swung over close to the barge, just as the engine gave up with a final asthmatic cough.

Parra put down his guitar and came to the side.

Pierre said sardonically: "Thanks for the music. You were right about the fish. We thought we'd have a try in here. We can't go home without a bite. No supper."

Parra was not smiling any more. For a moment he seemed a little perplexed. "You can't come here," he said harshly.

"Who says we can't?" Pierre snapped back. "Maybe you own the place?"

"Yes, I do. At least I pay for privacy." Parra spoke more mildly, obviously trying to restrain himself. "I think I have a right to be left in peace, if only as a matter of good manners."

"And we've a right to fish."

The launch edged nearer to the barge as Delbert played with the tiller. Parra's companion came from the deckhouse to join him. He was a burly, ugly-looking customer.

Parra said: "All right, my friend. There are no fish, but, if you will not listen to me, you must go ahead. Just one word of warning. It's getting late, and if you don't cross the étang before the light fails you will be in trouble. It is not easy to keep to the stream unless you know the way. Take my advice, and try the creek on the seaward side. You are more likely to catch something there."

Pierre scratched his head, turning to Delbert. "Perhaps he's right, Papa. Anyway, we don't want to stay where we are not wanted. Shall I start her up?"

"*Oui,*" Delbert grunted. "*Oui, oui, oui.*"

The tension relaxed. Everybody was pleased. But the engine would not start. Pierre laboured, swinging the wheel. Cough, splutter, silence. He tried again. The result was the same.

"Name of a name of a dog!" he swore. "What's the matter with the thing?"

Delbert shrugged and grunted. Max shrugged and smiled. Pierre swore and laboured.

"So we're here all night," he cried. "All night! I don't know what's wrong with the misbegotten contraption. The man told me to swing the wheel. That's all. Swing the wheel, he says." He looked across at Parra. "Do you know anything about these engines?"

It was the bait. Parra knew all about engines. In the cabin, Ross and Margolies and Jules waited, tensely expectant.

Parra spoke to his companion, then called to Pierre. "Throw a line and we'll haul you alongside. There's plenty of water."

Pierre threw the mooring line from the deck and leaned out to grasp the side of the barge as Parra hauled. In the well, Delbert performed a similar office. Max smiled sweetly at the Samaritan who was so ready to help them get away. There was less than eighteen inches between the deck levels as the smaller craft snuggled in. Parra made the line fast and stepped on to the foredeck beside Pierre.

"I'll see what I can do," he said. "Is there fuel in the tank?"

"Plenty," Pierre answered. "Perhaps the feed is choked. It is very good of you. I am afraid I was a little rude."

"It is nothing. It is important for you to be off before night comes."

Parra jumped into the well. Max moved to make room for him. Parra stooped, bending over the engine. Max grasped the wrench. His vivid-blue shirtsleeve flashed as his arm rose and fell, and Parra sprawled helplessly across the engine. Pierre sprang on to the barge to grab the astonished spectator of the outrage. Delbert hit the higher deck with a more acrobatic vault and rushed to assist. The burly one struck out, yelling for help. Pierre took a knock that sent him reeling, and the hard-fisted Delbert missed his mark with a driving left. Nevertheless it all looked absurdly easy to Ross as he and the others swarmed on to the barge.

It was not so easy.

Help poured from the deckhouse. The man in the lead tossed a hand of playing cards into the air and leaped at Ross. There were five newcomers, so, with Parra knocked out, the numbers were even, but the boarders had gained some advantage by surprise, for the card players, suddenly disturbed, had answered the alarm with no weapons but their fists.

Ross met his man with a blow that rocked him, but was sent to the deck by the next fellow. Then in a vicious scramble the contenders swayed back and forth across the barge. Ross was on his feet again and doing damage, but the defenders were tough. Jules, armed with a heavy stick, was picked up by a bull-necked Hercules and hurled at Max before he could get in a blow, and Max, crashing painfully on his right wrist, lost his useful spanner. He also lost his blonde wig.

MARGOLIES had mustered pistols for Ross and Delbert and himself, but it had been agreed that there should be no shooting unless the enemy started it. Now, with the struggle going so badly, he hauled out a short-barrelled revolver with the idea that a threat might change the situation.

"Get back!" he shouted. "Up with your hands!" But the bull-necked one rushed at him, roaring contempt, dashed the weapon from his grasp and sent him toppling. For a few minutes it was a berserk scene as Ross and Max threw themselves on the Hercules. But he still stood, though his mates tumbled and rolled round him. Then a shot cracked dully through the shouting, and the sound of it went echoing over the pool. Another shot, and Jules dropped to the deck, groaning.

"Get back!" Ross yelled. "Get cover!"

There was cover of a sort: the coaming of a hatch, the housing of what had been a winch, and a squat, rusty bollard. The boarding party dived for what was the nearest to each of them before they saw the menace of the muzzle held at deck level.

Parra had come back to consciousness and, shielded by the side of the barge, had intervened with a sniper's shot.

"To the deckhouse," he ordered his crew. "Get your guns, imbeciles!"

Splinters flew close to Parra's head

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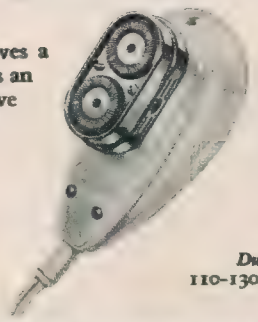

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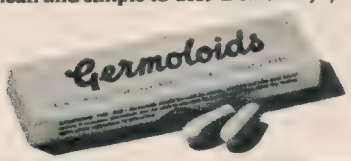

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'Bismag' contains some of the quickest-acting ingredients known for neutralising stomach acid. That is why millions of sufferers all over the world — in 45 different countries — depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription in cases of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and pain after meals. For quicker, surer relief ask your chemist for 'Bismag' ('Bisurated' Magnesia)—75 tablets—1/8d.

"Now perhaps you'd better see why Baby's *stopped* crying!"

as Delbert fired from behind the bollard. Parra snapped a shot back at him.

Jules lay groaning on the deck, and close to him was the revolver that Margolies had lost, irretrievable.

Covered by the coaming of the hatch, Ross levelled an automatic at the door of the deckhouse.

"Keep Parra busy," he called to Delbert. "I'll look after the others."

At the first movement in the doorway, he fired, meaning to wing the man, but the bullet smacked into the woodwork, wide.

He calculated. Parra had a revolver and had fired three shots. Three more and he would be defenceless. Even if he had more bullets in his pocket, he would not be given time to reload.

It would be dangerous. There were two windows in the deckhouse. An automatic might hold the enemy in the coop, but they could still cover the deck from the windows.

Ross edged forward an inch and a bullet from Parra hummed past his pistol hand. Delbert fired, and Parra replied with a quick one-two.

That was it. Six.

Max let out a yell and rose from behind the winch in his warpaint. The windows spat bullets at him, and Max gave a different kind of yell. He was hit, but not disabled.

Ross aimed at the starboard window and squeezed his trigger. Parra fired again.

So he had two guns, and, if he had the bullets, he could go on reloading indefinitely.

It was stalemate, if not defeat. Stalemate, and no way to break it.

But it was broken, and quickly. The throbbing of an engine came from the creek, and the swift crescendo of sound told of a speedboat pushed to its utmost.

Parra shouted a panic command and Ross heard the taut-drum splutter of the launch's exhaust. Then the mooring rope hung slack over the barge's side and the launch was under way.

The bull-necked man came from the deckhouse shooting wildly, and the others, streaming out behind him, dashed for the landward side of the barge and sprang overboard. Delbert and Ross tried together and Hercules was down at last, sprawling on the deck.

Ross and his companions rose from cover in time to see Parra leap from the launch and start running wildly along the bank of the creek. The other men were strung out along the path across the marsh, going as fast as their legs would carry them, and the cause of it all, the urgent speedboat, came curving into the backwater, leaving a tumbling wake behind it.

Then uniformed police, rushing across the deck of the barge, started a chase, and Ross saw similar figures start up from the meadow beyond the marsh and advance to head off the fugitives. The trap was complete.

Ross hastened to the deckhouse shouting the name of Ralph. He heard a muffled reply from below. A stairway, a door with a key to it, and then he had Ralph in a bear's hug. He was quite oblivious of the great Vincent J. Flavius till he heard a voice say: "Well, Caton, this is quite smart of you. I hope you managed all right in my absence."

Chief Inspector Laurent stood on the deck like an over-fat Napoleon, watching the final phase of the battle of the marsh. His brow was heavy with anger as he turned lumberingly to glare at Ross.

"How often do I have to tell you, Monsieur Barnes, that such things should be left to professionals?" He waved a heavy hand in a gesture of rejection. "These amateur theatricals. . . ."

Except for the discomfort of life on board the barge, Flavius and Ralph had not come off so badly. Indeed, it seemed as if Ralph, after the terrifying experience of the first night, had rather enjoyed the adventure. He had been given more liberty than Flavius, had helped with the meals and general chores, and so had found opportunity to twist the sleeves of a shirt round a clothes-line.

"I knew you would take it as a signal," he told Ross. "I tried it two or three times when planes were over. Yesterday I somehow felt that it was you up there. I thought Kane would be with you. When he got away in the dinghy, Mr. Flavius and I were sure he would give the alarm at once."

"He gave the alarm," Ross answered, and left it at that for the moment.

"Ralph was wonderful all through," Mr. Flavius put in eagerly. "I have great plans for him. When I am in London I will talk to his parents. In future, it will be all right for Ralph. And for you, too, Mr. Barnes."

Flavius was in a munificent mood, determined to reward all his rescuers. The difficulty, it seemed, would be to restrain him from overdoing it.

Everybody on the side of the law was happy. Even Laurent expressed satisfaction when he added up his bag of prisoners. He tackled Parra at once, on the deck of the barge, but for once Parra was disposed to waver from his own high standard of behaviour, overcome, perhaps, by the vulgarity of Laurent's interrogative style. "You had better hire a spiritualist and get in touch with Merle-Florac," he suggested. "Possibly he will answer your questions. So far as I am concerned, you may go on being puzzled. You and all the rest of your dull-witted plodders at the Sûreté. Give me my guitar, and have the courtesy to leave me alone."

Laurent had more success with some of the other prisoners, and especially with one who was eager to make things easier for himself by talking.

The preliminary statements showed

that the charter of Roselle had been Parra's own inspiration. Merle-Florac had sent him to London to keep an eye on the movements of Flavius and Margolies during their brief stay in England, and the advertisement in *The Times* had offered him an easy solution to a pressing problem.

It had, indeed, been intended to pick up a craft somewhere along the Riviera, but the right kind of craft was not so easy to find. So many were privately owned; so many had already been hired. And a speedy vessel was essential to the plan.

There were also dangers in the local situation. Merle-Florac had, of course, to be kept well out of it. Parra and his accomplices were not unknown along the coast. Awkward questions might be asked.

But here, offered in a London newspaper, was the very thing they were looking for. And available at a French Riviera port. If the business could be transacted in London, everything would be quite safe. Parra asked the chartering agent for details. Merle-Florac gave his approval, and his devious mind at once suggested embellishments to the original plot. Parra was to impersonate Margolies and let the owner think that Flavius himself was responsible for the charter.

The whole scheme had seemed to be foolproof to its originator, and might have been if perverse chance had not intervened. Margolies as well as Flavius was to have been kidnapped, but Margolies had been called unexpectedly to Marseille just as the zero hour approached.

THE hitch was bad, but far from disastrous. If it had not occurred, Ross would have been left ashore with no Margolies to contradict his puzzling story of the charterers who had sailed away without him. This, in the view of Merle-Florac, would have confused the police. They would take some time to see beyond the red herring and suspect that there might be something criminal in the business, and, before they had swung into full action, he would have brought off his coup.

An initial advantage was lost, but the murder of Kane was a far more serious blow, and Merle-Florac, thoroughly frightened, had improvised the ransom touch. At least, this was the assumption, for Parra had had nothing to do with the first demand.

According to programme the captives were to have been released at the end of seven days, but Parra had had the idea of making more money for himself out of the deal, and, with Flavius under hatches, had proceeded to some embellishments of his own.

As Laurent's persistent questioning elicited more and more of the details, Ross listened anxiously, but the end of Alicia's brother, Jean Seyrac, was left untold. Parra and his accomplice in that piece of work were certainly going to keep quiet about it, and apparently the others were ignorant of the second killing.

The informer spoke readily enough of other matters. It was the wounded Hercules who had fired the shots at the escaping Kane. It was Zizi, of the Café des Lauriers, who had collected the ransom.

Ross had a conscience to trouble him, but he decided to say nothing about the night in the rue Tunis. Margolies had been told in confidence, and Margolies agreed that no purpose was to be served by revelation. Only Alicia Mars could suffer if the relationship were traced, and Laurent already had enough to bring against his prisoners.

When they reached Agde, Ralph sent an urgent telegram to his parents, and Ross put a telephone call through to Cannes. It was late that night when Max and Ross brought Ralph to the flat in the rue des Etats-Unis, but not too late for Ross to go out again on a visit.

Alicia Mars was waiting for him.

THE END

"Charter To Danger," by Eliot Reed, will be published in book form in the autumn by Collins, price 10s. 6d.

BONE BANK SURGEON GIVES PAULINE A NEW SPINE

Continued from page 13

were lying in saline in a bowl. He drained off the saline and mixed penicillin-lactose powder into the chips.

With a surgical spoon, he carefully spread the chips about one and a half inches deep across the full width and length of the raw vertebrae. Finally, he packed them down with a spatula, and the graft was complete. He stitched the erector spinae muscles back into place, and sewed up the wound. The operation had taken exactly two hours.

A month later, Pauline underwent a similar operation involving the five vertebrae immediately below the other graft. Apart from a slight skin infection, which streptomycin quickly cleared, she had no ill-effects. Within a week of both operations she returned to school—in the ward. X-rays showed the grafts knitting well.

By far the majority of bank bone grafting operations performed since 1946 have been highly successful. At one hospital, a series of bone bank grafts produced only four complications, a proportion any surgeon might easily expect with fresh, autogenous grafts.

Bone Like Toothpaste

Though most orthopaedic hospitals in Britain now run bone banks, a few conservative orthopaedic surgeons still hold doubts about their value and safety. The more enthusiastic surgeons claim that nearly all the failures and infections following bank bone grafts have resulted from faulty technique, not from any fault in the bone.

Much experimenting has gone into techniques with bank bone since 1946. Some surgeons prefer to graft large pieces of bone, using chips only as "cement." Others are using bone dust, bone crumbs, and even bone meal, obtained by putting the bone through a meat grinder. A Canadian hospital has produced a bone cement which is squirted like toothpaste.

Refrigerated bone has been found to graft more slowly than fresh autogenous bone, but the complete result is no less effective. The age of the donor, his blood group and his Rhesus factor have little or no influence on the grafting, and bone has been used successfully after 705 days on ice.

Exactly what happens to a bank bone graft in a patient is still undetermined. Most surgeons agree that the graft is dead and provides a scaffolding into and around which the adjacent live bone projects new tissues.

Bank bone is still relatively hard to find in Britain. Soon, however, some hospitals hope to increase their stocks with supplies of bone from corpses.

For the present, the bone bank at the hospital where Pauline Dring was treated is being kept almost exclusively for severe cases of spinal curvature in children. The surgeon in charge feels that scoliosis is by far the most deserving use for the precious bone.

Pauline Goes Home

Pauline's graft mended so well that in September she was allowed to go home to convalesce. When she returned to the hospital last year, on December 30, the eleven twisted and bent vertebrae in her spine were converted to a solid, rigid and reasonably straight bar of living bone. For the rest of her convalescence, the surgeon replaced her cumbersome plaster cast with a light plastic jacket.

Though a large piece of Pauline's spine will stay stiff for the rest of her life, she will in time be able to lead a normal, though not a vigorous, life. She will be able to bend quite adequately and straight from the hips. What pleases her most is that now, when she is dressed, her back looks as straight as any other girl's

Today, breathing and physical exercises are finishing off the patient year-long repair job achieved by the doctors and nurses of two hospitals—and by the seven dead and otherwise useless bits of bone which were taken from the ribs and legs of seven anonymous donors and kept on ice. THE END

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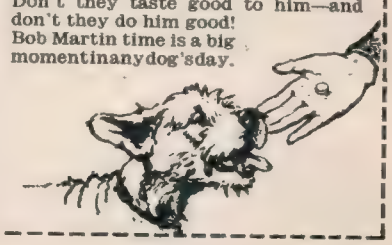

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HANSOM FOR RAFFLES

Continued from page 11

manage to find her out in Knightsbridge?"

"By prowling round the stables in the guise of an out-of-work ostler," Raffles said. "At the fourth stables I visited, I found Miss Ellen Dale. 'Here's milady,' I thought, 'as sure as fate.' I promptly asked her for a job, and I was in luck. She turned me to right away. Mucking out," he added wrily.

He glanced at Kern. "By the way, Ivor, what luck with the arrangements I asked for?"

The receiver, with a smile of cynical satisfaction, held up four fingers.

"Four?" said Raffles. "Excellent!" He lighted a cigarette. "I may as well tell you, Bunny, that in looking for the lady of the hansom I was also after certain other—stable information." He dropped the match into an ashtray. "Information," he said suavely, "as to carriage arrangements for débutantes to be presented at Court. I learned much of interest. As, for instance, just who has carriages standing by at what livery stables in the Knightsbridge area for next Thursday night."

I was tense. The gas-globe sang faintly above our heads, shedding down on us a white, naked light. I moistened my lips.

"Lady Mendawe, for one?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "Lady Mendawe—a notorious old battleaxe and conniver. She's kept her brougham at Walter Dale's stables for years, but has no private coachman. She uses Dale's drivers—for preference, an old chap called Herbert Light. Now, then—here's the remarkable situation, Bunny, of which I've learned. The débutante whom Lady Mendawe is chaperoning this season, and whom she's to present at Court next Thursday night, is Nell Dale's cousin."

There came back to me a memory of the peculiar tone in which the girl at the mews and her father had spoken of Lady Mendawe, her brougham, and next Thursday night.

"A queer contrast between two girls," Raffles said. "They've never met in their lives. The story, as I've pieced it together from hints here and there and a bit of shameless eavesdropping on Nell and her father, is an ironic one. Walter Dale's the younger son of a County family, titled and landed gentry of very large estate. He and his elder brother were in love with the same girl. It was Walter who got her. His brother, a mean hound by the sound of him, never forgot or forgave, and when he came into the title and estates he hit back at Walter by cutting off his allowance.

"Walter was in the army—cavalry. With a wife and child—Nell—to support, he couldn't afford to continue in his commission. He got employment as a riding-master, and was working at that when his wife died. He carried on, and then the man he was working for offered him a chance to take over the stable. Dale borrowed right and left to do it. He thought his luck had changed, but it hadn't. He got kicked by a horse, and he's been on his back ever since. The interest on his loans is high. He's a hair's breadth from bankruptcy. It's touch and go each week whether he can even pay his drivers and ostlers, though they're utterly loyal to him and to Nell—especially John Gilby."

Raffles reached for the sherry.

"That," he said, "is why the stable's short-handed. And it's why sometimes, on busy nights, without her father's knowledge, Miss Nell—though she's no licence to drive a hackney—will take a hansom herself, rather than have it standing idle and badly needed shillings going to waste. Hence our ride that night—the luckiest night of that girl's life."

"How d'you mean?" I said.

"Listen," said Raffles. "The brother's daughter, the heiress—a spoiled little brat, from all I hear—is in London for her 'coming out.' When she's presented Thursday next, she'll be wearing valuable jewellery to which she has no moral right. It belonged to her grandmother, and it seems the old lady intended that her younger son, Walter, should get at least something, if only her personal jewellery. But apparently the brother took advantage of some ambiguity in the will and, along with all the rest, copped even those gems. Today, Bunny, the cash value of those sparklers would make all the difference between life and death for Walter Dale. And in everything but the letter of the law, those jewels belong to him. Is it reasonable to suppose that Miss Nell, a girl of spirit, with a deep affection for her father, hasn't been tempted by the thought of how easy it would be to put John Gilby, who loves her and would stop at nothing short of murder for her, on the box of that brougham on Thursday night, with instructions to drive Lady Mendawe and her débutante into a back street and just quietly *recover* that jewellery?"

I felt the colour drain from my cheeks. "But——"

"But she can't do it," said Raffles. "Just so. As far as scruples are concerned, she'd never dream of it if she had only herself to think of: her pride wouldn't let her. To do it for her father's sake—that's another thing. For him, she'd do it like a shot—the stuff's *his*, and he desperately needs it. But there's a practical difficulty. She's in love with John Gilby. She wouldn't impose a risk on him that might make him a hunted man. And with an invalid father dependent on her, she wouldn't—despite her hansom driving exploits—take the risk herself. But an ostler, now," said Raffles, "a stray man taken on only a few days ago—hey?"

I touched my handkerchief to my forehead. "As I understand it, this fellow Herbert Light is detailed to drive the brougham. . . ."

Raffles nodded. "All the drivers are booked solid for the night of the Court. But there's a thing about Herbert. He always keeps a quart bottle of stout in a corner of the loose-box. I think it may very well turn out that Herbert is taken inexplicably unwell on Thursday evening. In which case, who will be left to take his place?"

Ivor Kern gave his sudden dry chuckle.

"Just so," said Raffles. "Bosworth! And incidentally, Ivor, we'll be needing a loan of your own brougham on Thursday night."

"Who'll be driving that?" said the receiver.

Raffles glanced at me as he dipped his cigarette to the flame in his cupped hands.

"Bunny," he said.

So it was that the evening of the following Thursday, night of the second Court, found me on the box of a private brougham, arriving by devious side streets at a rendezvous between Tattersall's and Exhibition Road.

It was just such a night, raw and misty, as that on which we had hailed the lonely hansom which had involved us in this adventure. Huddled in a greatcoat buttoned to the throat, my grey bowler jammed low over my eyes, my knees berugged, I yet had a sense of exposure on the unaccustomed elevation of the box.

The narrow street I was traversing turned sharply at its end into a

"Alfred's hobby is fixing things beyond repair!"

wider space. The wheels rumbled on cobbles. I slowed the horse to a walk. On my left was a high, glass-topped wall that enclosed the backyard of a great mansion. On my right was a much lower wall, overhung by the branches of trees growing in an ancient, long-disused graveyard.

LEANING from the box, I blew out the lamps. The only light left was the misty sheen of a gaslamp high up in an arch of crumbling stone about thirty yards ahead. Beyond it, the Dale livery stables lay at no great distance.

Scarcely had I doused the lamps than I heard hoofbeats approaching. A neat brougham passed in under the arch, came on towards me and was reined in as it drew level. The coachman was a shadow in cape and silk hat as he leaned over from his box.

"Bunny?" he said. "Good man! It's gone like clockwork so far. The stuff in Herbert's stout worked a treat. I was put on the job at once. I'm on my way to Lady Mendawe's house, top end of Queen's Gate, for my passengers. I shall be back in twenty minutes to half an hour. Keep warm!"

It was a dark, lonely vigil I kept under the trees. I thought of the long, S-shaped carriage line which now would be forming along Constitution Hill and lower Piccadilly. I reflected on my own humble rôle, which was merely to provide Raffles with the means of a rapid departure from this scene of his projected robbery. I should be glad when it was all over. I peered down uneasily into the darkened graveyard—and the sudden clink of a stone made my flesh creep. In the same instant a shadow blacker than the night rose up from the graveyard, seemed to pour over the low wall right alongside the brougham, and I heard the hammer-click of a revolver cocked, and a low, hard, intense voice.

"All right," it said. "Down from that box! Quick, cully!" The rug was snatched from my knees. An iron hand gripped my arm, jerked me down from the box, spun me round to face the brougham. The revolver prodded my spine. The hand slapped my hips and sides. "Right," the voice said. "Put your hands behind you."

I felt a rope slipped over my wrists. It was tied tightly, wound round my chest, tied again. "Now get in there," the voice said.

A hand reached past me, yanked open the door of the brougham. I was shoved in sprawling on the roughness of the coir mat between the seats. I felt my ankles clapped together and tied, then my head was jerked back by fingers clutching my hair, what tasted like a woollen scarf was clapped across my mouth and knotted tight at the back of my head.

"That'll do you, cock," the voice said. "Now lie doggo and hear the fun!"

The door shut behind me. I felt the brougham tilt on its springs as the marauder climbed to my place on the box. I lay still, my heart pounding against the floor.

After a while, I began testing my bonds. They were immovably tight. Careful to make no sound, I worked myself to my knees and contrived to ease into a sitting position on the seat facing forward. I had barely done so than I heard the sound of hoofs approaching at a trot. This would be the Mendawe brougham with Raffles on the box.

The window to my left was lowered on its strap. I tried to heave myself up so that I could stick my head out of the window and be seen by Raffles. But I was too late. The Mendawe brougham, with glimmering lamps, was coming alongside, was reining in with a clatter of hoofs, a jingle of harness. I caught a glimpse of the conventional Court ostrich feathers as a woman's head was thrust from the window, looking up at the coachman's box.

I leaned back into the dark corner of the seat. It was too late now. The man in my place on the box was almost certainly a plain-clothes man. Somehow, we had been betrayed and a trap set. Raffles would be taken red-handed. I heard the woman's voice, shrill, peremptory, arrogant.

"What is it now, you miserable fellow? Why have we stopped?"

Peering obliquely from the window, my eyes starting, I saw the gleam of Raffles's silk hat and the flash of his white shirt-front under the cape as he stepped down from the box. I saw for an instant the black mask he had donned. Then he was opening the door of the other brougham. I heard his voice, courteous and cool.

"Since you ask, Lady Mendawe," he said, "the other carriage is mine. The coachman waiting on the box is my confederate. I'm afraid you need look for no help from him. Yet you need not have the slightest fear so long as you do as I tell you. Now, I must trouble you to step out. And the young lady with you."

A RUSTLING sounded. The women were descending. I glimpsed in the space between the two broughams a shimmer of satin capes, a gleam of furs, a sparkle of precious stones.

"You can perhaps," said Raffles pleasantly, "anticipate the next step? Just so. Your jewels. Thank you. No, please—not your rings. So often rings have a sentimental value. I make it a rule never to touch rings. Should you be anxious lest you arrive late at the Palace, don't worry. You see the arch ahead there with the lamp in it? Just before you reach it there is a paved footpath to the right, under

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the trees. If you follow it, in three minutes you'll be in Brompton Road, where it'll be easy to pick up a cab. Good night, ladies."

"One thing, sir," said Lady Mendawe. Her voice shook with rage. "Let me tell you that I am a woman of influence. I will bring unremitting pressure to bear upon Scotland Yard until the wretched detectives hound you down and jail you till you rot, you unmitigated blackguard!"

The angry tap of heels receded over the cobbles. I was stupefied by the failure of the man in my place on the box to intervene. Even now, he made no move.

Raffles watched the women out of sight, then turned round, removing his mask. I saw his smile as he glanced up at the box. Then the springs of the brougham gave a sudden great heave, and he was blotted out, going down under a hurtling, dark shape as the interloper launched himself from the box. I heard the sounds of a brief struggle, a gasp of triumph, then the clatter of running feet.

I listened intently. The door of the brougham opened. I saw Raffles's silhouette, felt his hands groping over me. He found the scarf that gagged me, and I heard his quiet chuckle.

"Bad business, Bunny," he said. "We've been robbed!"

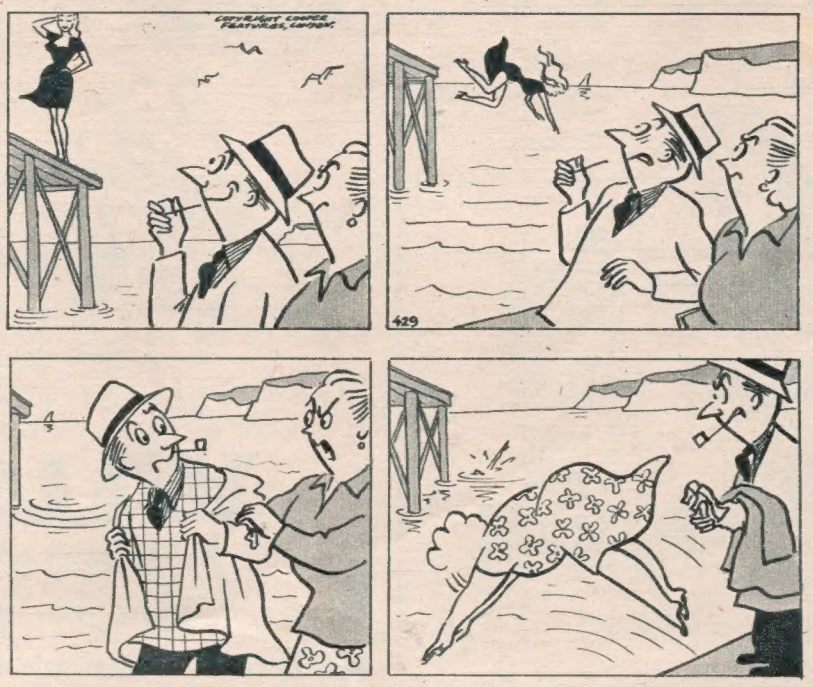
I spat shreds of wool from my mouth, gasping, "Who was he?"

"If you'd just been punched by him," Raffles said, as he freed my ankles, "you wouldn't need to ask. John Gilby, of course, The Fighting Cabman!"

He helped me out of the brougham, handed me my fallen bowler. At that moment, from nearby in the Brompton Road, there sounded through the misty night the urgent, repeated shrilling of a police whistle. We exchanged a single glance, then leaped to the box of the brougham. Raffles took the ribbons. He chuck-chucked the horse around in a complete turn, and we went off at a fast trot.

"You understand, of course, Bunny," he said, as we jogged through a maze of side streets towards the King's Road, "that the problem was less one of how to *get* the jewels than of how to give them to Miss Nell. I, a stranger, couldn't just *hand* them to her. She'd have feared some trap, some joker. Had I sent them to her as from 'An Anonymous Friend,' she'd have been afraid to keep them for fear of subsequent blackmail. To have confided in John Gilby would have come to the same thing. People are suspicious of quixotism. They don't understand it. John, too, would have

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



been fearful of a joker in it somewhere. No, the only way to do it was to give John an opportunity to get them by, as he imagined, outwitting a crook who actually had stolen them and whose trail the police would follow. That way, John will feel safe. And since the jewels—*recovered* property in the Dales' eyes, mark you—will come to Nell from her beloved John's hand, she'll feel safe, too. You see?"

My brain whirled. "You *knew* I was trussed up in that brougham, that the man on the box was not me?"

Raffles chuckled. "Of course! As Bosworth, the ostler, I've been behaving suspiciously for days, to get them wondering what I was up to. When Herbert went sick tonight, they thought they'd guessed my game. John and Nell then made their own plan. They let me drive the Mendawe brougham. John followed me out on foot. He saw my rendezvous with you. He spotted, as he thought, our whole plan. So he jumped on you and set his little ambush."

"But why didn't you explain to me?" I said resentfully.

"Bunny," he said, "it would have been agony for you, sitting on that box, knowing you were going to be jumped on at any second. Far better that you should be in ignorance. You've been of vital importance all the way through. Your visit to the mews to ride Magog was the means of arousing the initial suspicion of me. Your face, when Bosworth the ostler whispered to you, would have aroused suspicion in an archangel."

I felt a stab of chagrin. "But who was there to see me? John Gilby had just driven in, but he and Nell had eyes only for each other."

"Have you forgotten," said Raffles, "*the invalid at the window?*"

It was true. I had forgotten him. My chagrin deepened. But when we had returned Kern's brougham to his private stableyard and were turning in at the dark doorway of the antique shop, a new and startling thought occurred to me.

I GRIPPED Raffles's arm as he was putting his key in the lock. "The girl will never dare to keep those jewels now!" I exclaimed. "Don't you realize, Raffles, that the police will soon ferret out the relationship between the people at the livery stables where Lady Mendawe's brougham was kept and the débutante who was robbed? The finger points straight at the Dales. The police will discount the vanished ostler, Bosworth, as a mere confederate and red herring. When Nell and John get time to think things over, they'll realize the hopelessness of their position and hand over the jewels with some story about recovering them from Bosworth."

Raffles was unperturbed. "I think not," he said. "If all is as I hope."

We passed through the dark shop, mounted the stairs, opened the door of Ivor Kern's sitting-room. The receiver was sitting alone at the table. He turned his pale face and high forehead towards us and, with his cynical smile, held up four fingers.

"Excellent," said Raffles. "Excellent." He peeled off his coachman's cape. "Sherry, Ivor," he said. "Or, better still, brandy. We need something for our nerves. What about a hand of cards?"

I was mystified, and in no mood whatever to play cards, but I had no choice.

EVERY now and then, as we played, I saw Raffles lift his head, as though listening. And suddenly, from far off, sounded the thin cry of a newsboy.

"Listen!" said Raffles.

The cry of the running boy sped closer. The hoarse shout sounded, now, under the window: "Extry! Extry! 'Olesale Robbery Court Debertahnts! Great Sensayshun! Extry!"

My blood ran cold. I sprang to my feet.

Raffles leaned back in his chair, taking a Sullivan from his cigarette case. There was a queer smile on his lips as he looked up at me.

"Forgive the melodrama, Bunny," he said. "I really *had* to see your expression. It's my most valued reward." He set the cigarette between his lips. "You see, old fellow," he said, "the Dales' relationship to a robbed débutante becomes—as Miss Nell and John will be quick to realize—a mere coincidence, in no sense specifically incriminating, *provided* that the robbery of that débutante is only one of a series of similar robberies carried out simultaneously as a large-scale operation. Accordingly, I made arrangements with Ivor here, who was able to place four skilful but uncreative criminals of his acquaintance in four different livery stables. With minor variations, but with strict instructions to accord the selected débutantes and their chaperons every courtesy, they were able to work similar coups—on a percentage basis with Ivor and ourselves—to the coup we ourselves brought off."

He dipped his cigarette to the flame in his cupped hands.

"I think we're well on the way, Bunny," he said, "to meeting our commitments to the training ship Ursula, and to ensuring a carefree summer's cricket." THE END

DOUGLAS COLLINS TURNS FRAGRANCE INTO FORTUNE

Continued from page 22

conclusive test of a new perfume's value is his sense of smell. He is inclined to irritate some callers at his Amersham office by sniffing persistently at strips clipped to a holder on his desk. Each strip represents a perfume ingredient or some new blend. One important customer threatened to call off a deal unless Collins stopped sniffing at the strips during their conversation.

Collins usually begins the sniff tests as soon as he rises in the morning, having taken home a number of strips the night before. "Once I think of a fresh idea I like to get cracking right away regardless of possible snags."

He first "imagines" a perfume before starting practical work at what he calls "the perfumer's organ"—a tiered table open at the front and with four hundred bottles of essence ranged on three sides. He blends and reblends until he finds an approximation to the fragrance he has in mind. The perfume takes from three weeks to nine years to create. When a special perfume was made for Valerie Hobson, the actress, about 150 ingredients were tried over a period of five months.

Raw materials for perfume-making range from violet leaves to ambergris, a solid substance found in the stomachs of whales and thought to be produced through irritation caused by the bones of cuttle-fish swallowed as food. An evil-smelling substance taken from the Abyssinian civet cat and packed in ox-horn is also used at the Amersham factory, where it is converted into a fixative to ensure the lasting quality of perfume. Some materials like jasmine oil, which costs £16 an ounce, are expensive. To produce one pound of attar of roses, a million roses are needed. These are imported from the vast rose grounds at Grasse and from Bulgaria.

Collins often goes in search of cheaper alternative materials. Once he was travelling by train past a field of vegetables run to seed when the idea occurred to him that they might yield a useful oil.

When he reached his destination he immediately telephoned the farmer and bought the crop. He spent £230 and got twenty-eight pounds of economical oil with a fresh scent that was ultimately used in his products. He made a similar on-the-spot decision not long ago when he went to inspect the season's rose crop at Grasse. After two hours he bought £35,000 worth.

Perfume In Saucepans

When Collins began his career in the perfume industry in 1936 he walled off a passage in his mother's home in Brighton for his laboratory. He used saucepans and an old kitchen stove for his experiments and wrote down formulae as he went along. His products soon began to sell so well to dress houses that he moved to Shepherd Market in Mayfair, though his earnings over the first two years averaged only £4 a week.

"From the start," says Collins, "I aimed to take the nonsense out of the job." He decided that Englishwomen were light users of perfume because good scents were too dear. He cut packing extravagances and, in spite of the warnings of his friends, put out small quantities of top-grade scent in plain phials to retail at a shilling.

When he joined the navy early in the war, his wife, Patsy, kept the business going. Wherever she went she carried several pint copper bottles each containing about £700 worth of attar of roses. They represented almost the Collinses' entire capital. On leave, Collins made enough perfume to hold out until his next visit.

After one night's work he took a seat on a London bus. He had the family's pet dachshund on his lap and was reading a woman's magazine as part of his market research. "At that point," says Collins, "a red-faced man looking like a colonel sat next to me. He noticed the lapdog and the glossy magazine—and then started to sniff. I must have smelt too good to be true. At any rate, he got up and left the bus." A few hours later Collins was in command of his corvette on convoy duty.

According to Collins, the bridge of a ship at sea is the best testing place for perfume. "The fresh air makes one's sense of smell as keen as a terrier's." He says he devised some of his best formulae during night watches.

Among his employees at the Amersham factory, Collins is noted for his naval standards of spit and polish. In the cream-making department an ex-navy gunner named George Claygate controls machines like giant cake-mixers, where emulsions varying in hue from red to ivory bubble for as much as three hours at a time. "I never thought I would find myself making stuff to put on women's faces," says Claygate, "but after seeing the boss get down to it, it seems fairly normal."

Lipstick Was Mauve

In fact, Collins failed for a long time to make anything of the cosmetics side of his business. The crisis came when he spent a whole day adjusting a machine to ensure the right texture of a supply of lipstick. He did not notice that the lipstick was coming out mauve. The whole run had to be scrapped and Collins handed over this side of the business to his wife.

Collins still likes to take part in production. Recently, seventeen girls in the factory were preparing a rush order for tins of talcum. More than half of them were cut by the tin lids streaming along the conveyor belt, and were wearing bandages, when Collins put on a white coat, sat down and started to show them how the job should be done.

The sixtieth lid, however, badly gashed one of his fingers. "Everyone was delighted," he says. THE END

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Champagne Of Success	Way She Has
No Better	Watching Every Move
Storming The Fortress	Buttercup, The Cow
Heartbreaking Job	All Gloss And Glitter
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Dad Found A.....And	Says A Lot For.....
His Last.....	Let.....Down Lightly

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order —any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 17, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,943 result.)

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Lost without mother...

KEEPING THE HOME GOING during mother's visit to relatives was a tricky job for dad. What with darning, cooking—making young Bill wash those knees . . . phew! They were absolutely lost without mother.

One Saturday, things came to a head. Dad got out Billy's best white shirt—ready for the school prize-giving on Monday. "Look at those cuffs—and that collar," he moaned, "the dirt is simply *ground* into them!"

So dad set to work, scrubbing away like fifty thousand washerwomen. But could he get that shirt clean? Not a chance!

Then in came mother unexpectedly — caught dad mumbling terrible things at the sink. "Come on now," she smiled, "grumbling won't get the dirt out. But something else will. . . ."

"While I was away, Sis told me that Surf is especially made to boil spotless," mother said, "and that *is* news. Sis is such a Surf fan that she slipped me a packet before I left. Said I'd treasure it evermore."

Fast Worker! Mother rubbed some Surf suds well into the collar and cuffs. Then she popped the shirt into the copper with some other things dad had forgotten. She let them boil for just ten minutes—no need to waste fuel.

Bright Boy! At school young Billy got his prize, and a special word for smartness, too! As his mother looked at his bright, *bright* shirt, she thought, "If I had my way Surf would get a prize as well. That shirt is spotless—truly *spotless!*"

Surf boils spotless!

NO NEED TO FIDDLE with different powders. Besides giving you a spotless boil and getting rid of stubborn stains, Surf washes greasy overalls, dungarees, coloureds, and woollens! Gets *everything* spotless!

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